

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

VOL. 49—No. 42.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The FOURTH SATURDAY CONCERT of the SERIES.—THIS DAY, at Three—Madame Rudersdorff, Mdle. Draudl, Mr. Byron, Mr. Whitney, and the Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," Haydn's Symphony in B flat; Variations from D minor Quartet (Schubert); Scena, "Medea" (Randegger); and Overtures, "Meerestille" and "Genoveva." Admission—Half-a-crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket. Transferable Serial Stalls for the remaining twenty-three concerts, Two Guineas. Stalls for this concert, Half-a-crown.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS, EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Mr. BARNBY.—Fourth Season, 1871-2.—The Directors of the Oratorio Concerts beg to announce a SERIES OF TEN SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS on the following dates:—Wednesdays, November 15, December 6, December 20, 1871; Tuesdays, January 23, February 6, February 20, March 5, March 19; Wednesdays, April 10, April 24, 1872, when the following works will be performed:—Bach's "PASSION"; Handel's "MESSIAH"; "ISRAEL IN EGYPT"; "JEPHTHA"; Haydn's "CREATION," and Rossini's "STABAT MATER"; Mendelssohn's "St. PAUL"; "HYMN OF PRAISE," and "ELIJAH." The directors have much pleasure in stating that Mr. Sims Reeves has accepted engagements for the whole of the performances, and the services of many other eminent vocalists have been secured. The members of the orchestra will be selected from the best instrumentalists in London, and the chorus, which will be considerably augmented, will consist of Mr. Barnby's choir, numbering altogether about 500 performers. In order to insure the comfort of the audience, the whole of the seats have been, at a considerable cost, reconditioned. Subscriptions to the 10 concerts, stalls (reserved and numbered), £3 3s.; boxes and west gallery (reserved and numbered), £2 2s. Subscribers' names received by Novello, Ewer, & Co.; at the principal music-sellers'; and at St. James's Hall, by Mr. Austin.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830. Under the immediate Patronage of

Her Majesty the QUEEN.

His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES.

His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.

Her Royal Highness the Princess CHRISTIAN.

His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

President—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUDLEY.
Principal—Sir STERNDALE BENNETT, Mus. Doc., D.C.L.

The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on THURSDAY Evening Next, the 26th inst., commencing at Eight o'clock.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

MONTLY POPULAR CONCERTS, BRIXTON.—Director—Mr. RIDLEY PRENTICE. First concert of the third season next TUESDAY EVENING, October 24th.—Messrs. Weist Hill, Webb, Pezze, Minson, and Ridley Prentice; Madame Dowland. Piano-forte Trio, Haydn; Sonata Pastorale, Beethoven; Piano-forte Solos, Scarlatti; Piano-forte Quartet, Pront, &c.—Subscription, 21s. and 12s. 6d. Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., of Mr. Ridley Prentice, 9, Angell Park Gardens, Brixton, S.W.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—The FIRST REHEARSAL of the Twelfth Season of this Society will take place at EXETER HALL, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, under the personal direction of Mr. G. W. MARTIN, the founder and conductor.

M R. ARTHUR THOMAS will sing "MY SWEET HEART WHEN A BOY," by W. MORGAN, at Braintree, Essex, October 13th; Brixton, October 19th; Newbury 1st; Woolwich, November 13th; Greenwich, November 27th.

"MEDEA."

MADAME RUDERSDORFF will sing RANDEGGER'S Grand Scena, "MEDEA," at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert, THIS DAY.

MISS PURDY will sing at the first "Musical Evening" of Chamber Concerts, St. George's Hall, Wednesday, 25th Inst. 1. "ALL DANGER DISDAINED," Handel; 2. "QUANDO MIRO," Mozart.—Address, 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

MISS ROSE HERSEE begs to announce that her engagement with the National Opera Company will permit of her accepting a limited number of Concerts and Oratorios,—39, FITZROY SQUARE,

M R. MAPLESON begs respectfully to announce that he has taken the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, for his usual short Autumn Season of Italian Opera, commencing on Monday, October 30th. Full particulars will be shortly announced. The box-office will open on Monday, October 23rd, under the direction of Mr. H. Hall.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER begs to request that all communications respecting concerts, &c., may be addressed to her, at her residence, 19, Fulham Place, Maida Hill West, W.

REQUIRED, a few Voices of Refinement (Ladies and Gentlemen only), for a really Aristocratic Choir. Soirees fortnightly. Letters to be addressed to "Doctor," care of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street.

M R. ALFRED BAYLIS (pupil of Delle Sedie) has returned to Town to resume his engagements in Oratorios and Concerts, 33, Craven Road, Hyde Park. "Mr. Alfred Baylis possesses a pure tenor voice, and good method of singing."—Standard.

M R. HANDEL GEAR, Professor of Singing, begs to acquaint his friends and pupils that he has returned to town.—66, SEYMOUR STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.

M R. FREDERIC PENNA (Barytone), Professor of Italian and English Singing, begs to announce his return to Town. Mr. Penna teaches the Songs from Handel's Oratorios, with their traditional renderings, as imparted to him by the late Sir George Smart, of whom he was a favourite pupil.
44, Westbourne Park Road.

HERR STOCKHAÜSEN begs to inform his friends and pupils that he will arrive in London on the 8th of November. For particulars apply to Mr. A. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street.

THE GUITAR.—**MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN** begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she will return to Town the end of October and resume her teaching.—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

TO ORGANISTS AND OTHERS.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, Son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining an ORGANISTSHIP in or near London; or would take extra or evening services in return for practice under an experienced organist. Can teach Music and pianoforte playing.—Address, Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

M R. DEACON returned to Town on FRIDAY, October 20th.—10, Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

THE TEMPLE TUNE BOOK, containing Psalm and Hymn Tunes by the most celebrated composers, past and present. Division I. Old English, to about 1750 (in Buff Wrappers). Division II. Foreign (in the Press). Division III. Modern English (in the Press). Collected, arranged, and edited by EDWARD J. HOPKINS, Organist to the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple. Price—Division I., 2s.

METZLER & CO., 37, Great Marlborough Street.

A N ANDANTE GRAZIOSO, composed expressly for the opening of the Great Organ in the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, July 18th, 1871, and performed by W. T. Best, to whom it is cordially inscribed, by EDWARD J. HOPKINS. Reduced price, 1s. 6d.

METZLER & CO., 37, Great Marlborough Street.

M R. BRINLEY RICHARDS—whose name is so identified with Welsh national music—has arranged, both as a solo and duet for the pianoforte, his spirited CARMARTHENSHIRE MARCH, originally composed by the special request of the Earl of Crawford, Lord-Lieutenant of the County. Post free for 18 stamps solo; 24 stamps duet.

KATHLEEN MAOURNEE (the Irish Song), arranged as a Solo for the Pianoforte, and dedicated to the Countess of March, by BRINLEY RICHARDS. 4s.; free by post for 24 stamps.—London; Published only by ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

Just received from Paris,
**THE PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS OF
 MDLLE. CARREÑO,**

Several of the following Pieces have been played with distinguished success, by the Composer, at the PROMENADE CONCERTS, Covent Garden.

"CAPRICE," Polka	Op. 2.
"LA CORBEILLE DE FLEURS." Valse	Op. 9.
"POLKA DE CONCERT..."	Op. 13.
"REMINISCENCES DE 'NORMA.'" Fantaisie	Op. 14.
"BALLADE..."	Op. 15.
"PLAINE." Première Elégie	Op. 17.
"PARTIE." Seconde Elégie...	Op. 18.
"LE PRINTEMPS." Troisième Valse de Salon. No. 2	Op. 26.
"UN BAL EN RÊVE." Fantaisie Caprice. No. 6	Op. 26.
"UNE REVUE A PRAGUE." Caprice de Concert	Op. 27.
"UN REVE EN MER." Etude Méditation	Op. 28.
"LE RUISSEAU." Etude de Salon	Op. 29.
"MAZURKA DE SALON..."	Op. 30.
"SCHERZO-CAPRICE." Morceau de Salon	Op. 31.
"VENISE." Reverie	Op. 33.
"FLORENCE. Cantilene	Op. 34.

Composed by TERESA CARREÑO.

London : DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"ESTHONIA,"

MAZURKA FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

By F. ROSENFIELD.

PRICE 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS,"
 SERENADE.

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Music by R. T. GIBBONS.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE,"
 ARRANGED FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

By EMILE BERGER,

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"BE HOPEFUL,"
 SONG.

By R. T. GIBBONS.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"WINTER,"
 SONG.

THE WORDS FROM THE GERMAN.

The Music by R. T. GIBBONS.

Price 3s.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

**DAWES'S
 "HOME, SWEET HOME!"**
 WITH VARIATIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Price 5s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

**SIGNOR FOLI'S NEW AND SUCCESSFUL SONG,
 "THE MARINER,"**

Sung with distinguished success by Signor FOLI at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, &c., &c.

Composed by LOUIS DIEHL.

Price 4s.

London : DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"NELLINE,"

SONG

The Words and Music by Mrs. WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Price 3s.

London : DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"NO HOME! NO FRIEND!"

SONG, FOR A BARYTONE VOICE.

By ALEX. ANGYALFI.

PRICE 3s.

London : DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NOW READY.

"THY CHILD'S AN ANGEL NOW,"

BALLAD.

The Poetry by S. P. H.

The Music composed by FRANCIS HOWELL.

Price 3s.

London : DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Drooping mother, weep no more,
 Upward look and see
 Her whom thou mournest evermore,
 Keeping watch o'er thee.

Grieve not at the will divine,
 Humbly strive to bow ;
 Though bereft, do not repine,
 Thy child's an angel now.

"The pathetic character of the verses here set to music can be inferred from the title; and it will suffice to say that Mr. Howell has adapted to them a very sweet and appropriate melody, simply accompanied, and not only allowing, but inviting, all the expression of which a singer is capable. Such a ballad can easily be made heart-touching."

Just Published.

"THE PRISONER'S LAST SONG."

The Verses by CHEDWICK TICHBOURNE.

Made the night before he was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields for treason,
 A.D. 1586.

The Music by J. P. GOLDBERG.

PRICE 4s.

London : DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"PLEIN DE DOUTE,"

SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and Trio, Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,

By BERNARD FARREBROTHER.

London: LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.

**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
 PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS.**

LYON & HALL,

WARWICK MANSION.

A COMMUNICATION TO HIS FRIENDS.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 640.)

After my return to Germany from Paris, my favourite occupation had been the study of German antiquities. I have already related at length the yearning which then filled me for home. In its actuality, that home was in no way able to satisfy the yearning, and I felt that, at the bottom of my impulse, there was a deeper pressure, which must find nourishment in a different kind of longing, and not in the yearning for the modern home. In order to sound, as it were, my impulse, I plunged into the old home-element advancing towards us out of the fictions of a Past, which touches us with greater warmth and charm, from the fact of the Present's repelling us with hostile coldness. It is from the pictures of the Past that we endeavour to shape into sensual recognisability all the wishes and warm impulses which really carry us over into the Future, in order thus to obtain for them the form which the modern Present cannot supply. In the effort to give artistic form to the wishes of my heart, and in my zeal to discover what it was that attracted me so irresistibly to the old home saga-source, I penetrated, step by step, into far remote antiquity, where, at last, to my ecstatic delight, and, by-the-way, in the *remotest* portion of the epoch, I was destined to come upon man in the beauty of youth and the most luxurious freshness of his strength. My studies took me thus through the fictions of the Middle Ages to the very bottom of the old primitive German myth; I was enabled to divest it, one after another, of the garments with which subsequent fiction had enveloped and disfigured it, and I beheld it at last in its chastest beauty. What I perceived was no longer the conventional historical figure, the garb of which must interest us more than it does itself; but real, naked man, in whom I could recognize every ebullition of the blood, every twitching of the vigorous muscles, in unrestricted and freest movement: in a word, the *true man*.

I had sought this man, or human being, simultaneously in history. I found there *circumstances*, nothing but circumstances; I perceived man only as far as circumstances determined him, but not as he might have determined them. To get at the bottom of these circumstances, which, with their coercive power compelled the strongest man to waste his force in objectless and unattainable aims, I once more trod the ground of Hellenic antiquity, where, too, I was again brought face to face with the *myth*, in which, too, I recognised the reason of the *circumstances*; only the social circumstances were therein exhibited in traits as simple, well-defined, and plastic, as the human form itself which I had previously recognised in it; from this side, too, the myth simply led me to this man, as the involuntary *creator* of the circumstances, which, in their documentarily monumental distortion as historical points, as traditional and erroneous notions and questions of right, ended by coercively swaying man, and annihilating his freedom.

Though the magnificent form of Siegfried had long attracted me, it did not completely entrance me until I succeeded in beholding it, free from all subsequent dressing, in its purest human quality. It was then, too, that I saw the possibility of making him the hero of a drama, a notion which would never have entered my head, as long as I knew him merely from the mediæval *Nibelungenlied*.—Simultaneously with Siegfried, however, Friedrich I. had risen before me from out my historical studies; he appeared to me, as he had appeared to the saga-weaving German folk, as a historical palingenesis of the old heathen Siegfried. On the breaking out of the political movement of later days, a movement which in Germany was first manifested in a yearning for political unity, I could not help thinking that Friedrich I. would appeal more warmly to the people, and be more intelligible to them than the purely human Siegfried. I had already sketched out the plan of a drama, which, in five acts, was to represent Friedrich from the Ronciale Diet to his entering upon his crusade. But I kept turning away with dissatisfaction from the plot. It was not the mere act of representing certain historical moments which had made me construct the latter, but the wish to represent a long series of circumstances in such a manner that it might be grasped and understood as a unity easily taken in by the eye. In order to render plainly

intelligible my hero, and the circumstances which he endeavours with tremendous energy to overpower, though he ends by himself being overpowered by them, I could not help feeling, especially as regards the historical materials, impelled towards the system of the myth; the immense mass of historical events and relations, not one of which could be left out, if the entire combination was to be intelligible, was adapted neither for the form nor for the spirit of the drama. Had I attempted to satisfy this necessary demand of history, my drama would have become a boundless conglomeration of represented occurrences, which would really have prevented the only point I wished to depict from being perceived at all, and I should artistically have been in the same position as regards my drama as my hero was in the story; that is to say, while endeavouring to overpower, that is to fashion the *circumstances*, I should myself have been overpowered and crushed, without having rendered my intention intelligible, just as Friedrich could not carry out his *will*. To achieve my intention, I must have overpowered the mass of the circumstances by *free configuration*; I should then have adopted a process which would simply have done away with history.* I could not fail to see the contradiction involved in such a course; for the characteristic value of Friedrich in my eyes consisted in the fact that he was to be an *historical hero*. If, however, I wished to set about fashioning mythically, I must have ended by arriving in the last and highest stage of the process, altogether unattainable, by the way, by the modern poet, at the pure myth, which as yet the folk alone has created, and the richest perfection of which I had already found in—*Siegfried*.

I now—at the period, namely, when, in consequence of the repulsive impression caused me by the politico-formal tendency in the purportless doings of our different parties, I withdrew into retirement—returned to Siegfried, but with a full consciousness of the unfitness of pure history for art. I had, however, definitely solved an artistically formal problem for my consciousness, namely: the question as to the validity of the pure (that is, simply spoken) play for the drama of the Future. The question presented itself to me by no means from the formally speculative standpoint of art; I came upon it entirely owing to the nature of the poetic subject to be represented, as that nature alone determined me in the configuration. When external motives caused me to busy myself with the notion of Frederick Red-Beard, I never for a single moment entertained a doubt that what was wanted was a spoken play, and by no means a drama to be carried out musically. At the period of my life when I conceived *Rienzi*, I might perhaps have regarded Red-Beard, also, as an operatic subject; now, when I no longer cared about writing operas, and merely desired to convey to others my poetic views generally in the most animated artistic form, namely, the drama, I never entertained the most remote idea of carrying out a historically political subject otherwise than in the form of a spoken play. When I gave up Red-Beard, I did so, not from any scruples I might have felt as a librettist and composer, and which forbade my stepping out of that branch of art to which I was accustomed; I did so only because, as I have stated, I could not help at last perceiving the inappropriateness of the subject for *drama* generally, and this was not made evident to me exclusively from any artistically formal scruples, but from the same dissatisfaction of my purely human feeling, which, in ordinary life, was offended by the political formalism of our age. I felt that, in the pourtrayal of an historicopolitical subject, I could not communicate to others the most sublime things that, from a purely human standpoint, I beheld and desired to communicate; that the mere intelligible depicting of *circumstances* rendered the representation of purely human individuality impossible; that, consequently, I should have left the only essential thing about which I cared for the public to *guess at*, instead of presenting it really and palpably to their feelings; and for this reason I rejected simultaneously with the historicopolitical subject that dramatic *art-form* in which alone it could have been presented, for I perceived that the form had sprung from the subject, and was to be justified by it, but that

* The studies undertaken with this object, and by the necessary character of which I was induced to give up my plan, were published by me, a short time ago, and in a small form, under the title of *Die Wibelungen*, for the benefit of my friends—but most decidedly not for that of historicopolitical critics.

it was perfectly unequal to convey convincingly to the feelings the purely human subject which alone I had in view, and that, therefore, when the historico-political subject vanished, the play-form, as a form insufficient, unwieldy, and defective, would necessarily henceforward vanish with it.

I stated that it was not my professional position as an operatic composer which induced me to give up a play-subject; I am bound, however, to say that a perception, such as struck me, of the nature of a play, and of the historico-political subject presupposing that form, could not possibly have occurred to an absolute playwright or dramatic literary man, but solely to an artistic being, who had undergone such a development as mine, under the influence exercised by the spirit of music.—Already when describing my Paris period, I informed my readers that I regarded music and my knowledge of it as the fortunate means, when my feelings revolted against the bad state of public art in modern times, of saving me as an artist and preventing me from pursuing a merely literary-critical career. I have reserved till now the task of describing more minutely the influence which my musical frame of mind exerted upon my artistic power of configuration. The nature of this influence cannot, of course, have escaped the notice of anyone who has carefully followed the narrative of how my poems sprang into existence, but I must now return to it with even more definiteness, because it was at this very time that I became completely conscious of it, when taking a highly important artistic decision.

While engaged on *Rienzi*, all I wanted was to write an "opera." I looked out for suitable materials, and, caring only for "opera," I selected those materials from works of fiction ready to my hand, and, as far as regards form, fashioned with an artistic view; * a dramatic legend by Gozzi, a play by Shakspeare, and a romance by Bulwer, such are the works I arranged to suit my opera. When speaking of *Rienzi*, I have previously said that I treated the story freely to suit my own ideas of the hero, for indeed there is no other course possible in the case of an historical romance; I treated him, moreover, as—to use the expression I then used—I saw him through my "opera-spectacles." With the *Flying Dutchman*, the origin of which from especial phrases of my own inward life I have already described, I struck out a new path; I became myself the artistic poet of a story which I found only in the rude simple form of a folk's legend.

MR. MAPLESON'S PROSPECTUS.

The number of Mr. Mapleson's representations is not stated; but we may assume that his season will last, as usual, about six weeks. He puts forward an array of artists extraordinarily strong for the time of year; and, as the scenic resources of Covent Garden Theatre will be at his disposal, performances of substantial merit are fairly in prospect. The list of sopranis and contralti includes Mdle. Tietjens, Mdle. Marimon, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mdle. Colombo, and Mdle. Fernandez. Among the tenors are Signor Fancelli, Vizzani, Tessèmann (a first appearance), and Prudenza, while the basses comprise Signori Agnesi, Borella, Antonucci, and Foli. We are assured that "other important engagements are pending," and we welcome the statement; but is it clearly possible to go on for six weeks with no addition to the list from which we have quoted? The band and chorus are referred to as those of Her Majesty's Opera, with Signor Li Calsi as conductor, and the important position of *première danseuse* is once more given to Mdle. Ricos, whose ability it would be hard to improve upon. In the *répertoire* of the season appear the names of many familiar works cast in a familiar manner. Over these we may pass, to note that Mdle. Marimon, besides being set down for her old parts, Amina, Rosina, and Maria, will appear as Lucia, in Donizetti's opera, as Dinorah, in Meyerbeer's charming pastoral, and as Astrafiamante, in *Il Flauto Magico*. It is to be hoped that the lady's health will enable her to fulfil her engagements, and to remove the unfortunate impression created last season by frequent disappointments. Mdle. Tietjens will repeat the chief characters in her repertory, that of Anna Bolena having special prominence; and an absolute novelty is announced in Flotow's *L'Omra*, with a cast which includes Mdle. Marimon, Madame Trebelli, Signor Vizzani, and Signor Agnesi. In view of these things, the season has much prospective interest, and a successful issue may be anticipated for it with confidence.

* Here I came no farther as regards formality, than, in his line, that clever fellow, Lortzing, who also took theatrical pieces, which he found ready to his hand, and arranged them as opera librettos.

(To be continued.)

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.

The Oratorio Concerts are about to enter upon a new stage, by removal from St. James's Hall to the classic ground of oratorio in the Strand, and by the increase of executants from 350 to 500. Ten concerts are announced, the first to take place on November 15th, the last on April 24th, and the following names appear as those of artists to be heard during the season:—Mr. Sims Reeves, who is engaged for every concert; Mesdames Sherrington, Wilhorst, Wynne, Rudersdorff, Patey, Elton, and Drasil; Messrs. Foli, Lewis Thomas, and Santley. "The members of the orchestra will be selected, as heretofore, from the best instrumentalists in London," and Mr. Barnby again officiates as conductor. Looking at the energy displayed in bringing out unfamiliar works during the past three years, the directors may claim a rest for the purpose of consolidating their conquests, and preparing for a fresh advance. Therefore we shall not reproach them with the fact that not a single novelty gives interest to the prospectus. The works announced are Bach's *Passion* according to St. Matthew (when are we to hear that according to St. John?); the *Messiah*, *St. Paul* (good!); *Creation*, *Jephtha*, *Lobgesang*, *Judas Macabaeus*, *Stabat Mater*, *Israel in Egypt*, and *Elijah*. All these are familiar, but, happily, they will all bear any number of repetitions. The directors, however, must not lull themselves into belief that the public are ready to accept another Sacred Harmonic Society, always working, never progressing, like a squirrel in its revolving cage. The *raison d'être* of the Oratorio Concerts is their willingness to go ahead. Should that fail, the concerts themselves may follow suit, for all that the public care.

ROYAL NATIONAL OPERA.

Miss Hersee's success in *La Sonnambula* was unquestionable; the music suiting her, and the character being thoroughly adapted to exhibit her dramatic powers. She received throughout the evening every mark of public approval. The other principal characters in Bellini's opera were represented by Miss Janet Haydon (Lisa), of whom more at a future time; Mr. Perren (Elvino), Mr. Maybrick (Count), and Mr. Wilmot (Alessio). In *Lucia*, on Thursday week, Miss Blanche Cole appeared as the heroine, an apology being made on the ground of a cold. The talented lady achieved a success, illness notwithstanding, and was several times recalled. Other changes in the cast substituted Mr. Temple for Mr. Clive Hersee as Henry, and Mr. Reed Larwill for Mr. Gordon as Arthur. These were obvious improvements, and the general representation gained accordingly. In *Il Trovatore*, Madame Lancia impersonated the hapless Leonora, with the result which may have been anticipated from her well-proved ability. *Il Trovatore* was repeated on Monday last, with Miss Bessie Emmett as the heroine, and since that time other repetitions calling for no special notice have been given. To-night's performance is the last at St. James's Theatre, the directors having thought it expedient to remove "down East" as far as the Standard Theatre. So, we must assume, ends the latest attempt at establishing an English lyric stage.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

DUDLEY v. GYE.

On Tuesday morning, in Vice-Chancellor Wicken's chambers, before the Chief Clerk, a summons was heard in the suit of Earl Dudley v. Gye, for the purpose of obtaining an order on behalf of the plaintiff for further time to file affidavits.

The suit was brought by the Earl against Mr. Gye, the well-known lessee of her Majesty's Opera House in the Haymarket, for the purpose of compelling the latter to perform a specific agreement, in accordance with the terms of a lease granted him by the plaintiff, and which extends over a series of years, of the Opera House above mentioned.

Mr. Benbow appeared for the plaintiff, and stated that he had received the Earl's instructions with regard to answers to interrogatories, but that he had no time to lay them before counsel.

Mr. Sweetland, on behalf of Mr. Gye, requested that they might both have a mutual adjournment.

The Chief Clerk said that, if he remembered rightly, the plaintiff was so eager that the suit should be proceeded with, that when he granted time they took it before the Vice-Chancellor, and he ordered the suit to go on at once. As the plaintiff now asked for time to file his interrogatories, he must make the order as it stood, and grant it.

Order accordingly.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—*The Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacoline, a very thin evening beverage.

"THE KEMBLES."*

Siddons is described as a fair and very handsome man, sedate and graceful in his manner, quick in learning his parts, and an unpretending mediocre player upon the whole. Here are qualities enough for the female imagination, stimulated by parental resistance, to work up; and even his disgraceful exhibition at Brecon was not improbably set down to his credit as a proof of the strength of the passion which could hurry a man into such reprehensible absurdities for her dear sake. She tolerated his visits during her domestication at Guy's Cliff; and it was with the consent of her parents, who found further opposition unavailing, that she was married to him at Trinity Church, Coventry, on the 26th of November, 1773.

It might have been supposed that an actress so richly gifted by nature, and so sedulously educated for the stage, had only to be seen by an audience comprising persons of refinement or taste to be appreciated and become famous. But it was more than a year after she had attracted the most flattering notice from the "people of quality" at Cheltenham that Garrick, at the suggestion of Lord Ailesbury, sent down King (of Lord Ogleby renown) to see and report upon her. He saw her in the *Fair Penitent*, and reported so far favourably of her performance that Garrick, after a delay manifesting no extraordinary eagerness to secure her services, offered her an engagement at Drury Lane at five pounds a week. Her first appearance (December 29, 1775) was a dead failure, and so, indeed, compared with her expectations and her capabilities, was the whole of her first season in London. She never forgot it, nor ever cordially forgave Garrick, who, she more than insinuates, brought her out in parts for which she had no vocation or fitness. "I, of course, thought him, not an oracle, but my friend, and, in consequence of his advice, Portia in the *Merchant of Venice* was fixed for my *début*—a character in which it was not likely that I should make any great sensation, and I was, therefore, merely tolerated." She was in weak health from a recent confinement; her voice was thin and faint; she was badly dressed, and she was nervous in the extreme, so that it required no ordinary penetration, or a stretch of critical indulgence, to discover the future queen of the English stage in the *débutante*. After trying her with indifferent success in young lady parts, Garrick gave her a final chance in *Lady Anne*, which she played to his own Richard. Frightened by his frowns at her awkwardness in taking up a position with her face to the audience and so compelling him to turn his back, she well-nigh fainted in the wooing scene, and became nearly inaudible for the rest of the play. With the exception of one who pronounced her "lamentable," the critics were charitably silent on this appearance, her last at Drury Lane under Garrick's management; and more than six years of provincial drudgery were to pass away before she was to reappear, radiant with successive triumphs, on the boards from which (to use her own words) she had been banished, "a worthless candidate for fame and fortune." But during these six years she had been developing or ripening powers which were latent or immature when she was brought out by Garrick. It was no longer a question whether tragedy or comedy was her forte; and although her masterpiece, *Lady Macbeth*, was yet to come, she had arrived at the highest reputation which could be acquired at the best provincial theatres for the consummate expression of the softest and deepest feelings of love, tenderness, remorse, hatred, anger, and despair.

It was under Sheridan's management that she made her second *début* (October 10, 1782) at Drury Lane in *Isabella*, a deeply tragic and sensational play, abounding in scenes of terror and pathos, which she turned to good account; for, we are assured, there were times when she had all men's eyes suffused with tears, and many women in actual hysterics, and as the performance drew towards the conclusion there was scarcely a speech of hers but was interrupted by tumultuous and passionate bursts of applause, until the whole house seemed swept away in transport. It was a complete, unqualified success, the strongest imaginable contrast to her first appearance on the same boards, and her own impressions of this eventful evening were fortunately written down while they were fresh:—

"I reached my own quiet fireside on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself sat down to a frugal, neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments, but occasionally stopped short, and, laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an

hour's retrospection (who can conceive the intenseness of that reverie?) fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body."

It was a notion of Hume's that all who are happy are so equally—"a little miss with a new gown at a dancing school ball, a general at the head of a victorious army, and an orator after having made an eloquent speech in a great assembly." But if there are degrees in enjoyment, perhaps the greatest of any is that of an actor or actress revelling in the unanimous applause of such an audience as night after night greeted Mrs. Siddons. It is difficult to fancy a position, with its attendant circumstances, in which the consciousness of power, the flush of gratified pride, and the intoxication of triumph, are presented in a more dazzling or concentrated shape. To the latest hour of her life she was fond of reverting to "the sea of upturned eager faces in the pit" as the most animating, cheering, and inspiring spectacle which she had ever witnessed or was capable of picturing to her mind's eye. Ample opportunities for enjoying it to the full now crowded on her. In *Jane Shore*, *Calista*, and *Belvidera*, she was equally applauded to the skies. "Think of my mortification," writes Miss Seward; "Mrs. Siddons in *Belvidera* to-night, as is supposed for the last time before she lies in. I asked Mrs. Barr if it would impossible to get into the pit. 'Oh, heavens!' cried she, 'impossible in any part of the house!'" At the close of the London season Mrs. Siddons hurried off to Dublin, where her brother, John Philip, originally intended and educated for the priesthood, had made his *début*, and been performing for nearly two years without attracting any extraordinary notice. The same mistake which had kept her back so long had been repeated in his case. He came out in genteel comedy, and only slid into the range of parts really suited to him by degrees. His sister's arrival gave him a lift; and it was her excellence in *Lady Macbeth* and *Queen Katherine* that at length caused the great Shakspearian parts to be intrusted to him. He came out in *Hamlet*, but was not allowed to act *Macbeth* to her *Lady Macbeth* on her first performance of the character, of which she had made a long and careful study. On the appointed night (February 3, 1786) she had finished her toilette, and was collecting her thoughts for the grand effort, when a knock was heard at her dressing-room door, and Sheridan requested admittance on a matter of pressing urgency.

"What was my distress and astonishment, when I found that he wanted me even at this moment of anxiety and terror to adopt another mode of acting the sleeping scene! He told me that he had heard with the greatest surprise and concern that I meant to act it without holding the candle in my hand; and when I argued the impracticability of washing out that 'damned spot' that was certainly implied by both her own words and by those of her gentlewoman, he insisted that if I did put the candle out of my hand, it would be thought a presumptuous innovation, as Mrs. Pritchard had always retained it in hers."

She goes on to say that she would have yielded her own opinion had it not been too late. She was too agitated to risk the change. "The scene was acted as I had myself conceived it, and the innovation, as Mr. Sheridan called it, was received with approbation. Mr. Sheridan himself came to me after the play and most ingeniously congratulated me on my obstinacy." She regarded Constance, "the majestic, the passionate, the tender Constance, as (if possible) more difficult of personation than *Lady Macbeth*, and her analysis shows that she had studied it down to the minutest details aesthetically and artistically. Her performances had reached their acme when she was supported by her brother John as *Macbeth* and *King John*. Her brother Charles also became in time famous in *Cassio* and *Falconbridge*; and there is a well-known picture by Harlowe of the trial scene in *Henry VIII.*, in which four of the Kemble family fill parts—Mrs. Siddons, Queen Katherine; John Philip, the Cardinal; Stephen, the burly monarch; and Charles, the scribe or secretary, taking notes.

But the noblest and most enduring tribute of the sister art of Painting to dramatic Art was Reynolds' picture of Mrs. Siddons as the "Tragic Muse," which Barry termed "the first idealization in the world," and Lawrence "the finest female portrait ever painted." It amply merited the accumulated praise. The painter had thrown his whole soul into the work, and completed the homage by inscribing his name on the hem of the Muse's garment. He was an enthusiastic admirer, and might often be seen seated in the orchestra, in a row of famous men, Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Windham, and Fox. Suppose Johnson occupying the chair placed for him at the wing, and the Royal Family in their box carried away like the rest by the swelling emotions she called up, and nothing more seems wanting to make her position the proudest that dramatic art or genius could attain. But many and severe were the trials, bitter and humiliating the crosses and disappointments, she had to undergo both before and after she reached the culminating point of her fame. There were rivalries and jealousies, slanders and calumnies, public affronts and domestic miseries to subdue, silence, or endure as she best could. There were skeletons in the closet, and if the whole truth must

* "The Kemble." An account of the Kemble Family, including the lives of Mrs. Siddons and her brother, John Philip Kemble. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., &c. In two volumes. London: Tinsley Brothers, 18, Catherine Street, Strand. 1871.

be told, there were spots in the sun. She complained to Rogers that, after she became celebrated, none of her sisters loved her as before. Every allowance must be made for her circumstances, for the necessity under which she was placed of providing for an almost annually increasing family, for an honourable anxiety to lay by enough to make her independent of the stage in case her health should fail, or the wish for retirement become insuperable. Still, her love of money, amounting to cupidity, hardly admitted of palliation or excuse; and her mode of gratifying it was injudicious in the extreme, even as regards the immediate object. Instead of husbanding her strength at the end of a London season, she would hurry off to Edinburgh, Dublin, or the provinces, multiply her engagements to an extent that compelled her to travel day and night in all weathers, and drive bargains with managers that made them curse the hour when they succumbed to her reputation and submitted to her terms. She almost invariably left an ill name for greediness behind her; and so prepared was the public mind for the reception of any story of her meanness that, after her first visit to Dublin, an unfounded report of her having refused to play there for the benefit of an actor suddenly struck with paralysis enabled an adverse cabal to raise such a storm against her, on her reappearance at Drury Lane, that all her fortitude, backed by her brother John's never failing intrepidity, only just enabled her to bear up against it.

(To be continued.)

THE PAREPA-ROSA SEASON OF OPERA.

(From the "New York Herald".)

The opera season at the Academy of Music will be formally opened next week by the English Opera Troupe, of which Madame Parepa-Rosa is the chief star. Rarely on these boards has there been such an assemblage of real talent secured for one season. On Monday, September 11, 1865, Mr. Bateman introduced to the American public two artists, whose names have since become household words in every city in the Union. They were Madlle. Parepa and Carl Rosa, and during the six years which have elapsed since the prima donna made her *début* at Irving Hall, she has never relinquished the hold which she then took on the affections of the public. She has appeared in concert, oratorio and opera of all kinds with equal success, and time has improved her voice and fine dramatic school instead of committing the havoc that is observable in other artists. One of her greatest triumphs was her singing of the *Et Inflammatus*, from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, at the Boston Jubilee, in which her voice rang out above the chorus of ten thousand, and the din of eleven hundred instruments. On Monday, October 2, she will appear as "The Daughter of the Regiment," with a strong cast to support her. Of her company very high anticipations are formed, and they are based upon very good grounds. Madame Vanzini's *début* at the Academy some years ago will be remembered with pleasure by those who attended it, and her professional career in Europe has developed high artistic attainments, which made her a favourite in the principal opera houses across the ocean. She makes her first appearance during the second week of the season in Balfe's opera of *Satanella*. Miss Claria Doria, the third prima donna, is a young lady who has already made her mark in Italy, Germany and England. She is the daughter of the celebrated composer, John Barnett, one of England's most gifted musicians. The new tenor, Tom Karl, brings with him strong endorsements from the Italian public, having been the favourite at La Scala, Milan, for three years. The other tenors are Messrs. Castle and Whiffen. In the contralto line we have Mrs. Zalda Seguin and Mrs. Cook, and for baritones and basses there are S. C. Campbell, Aynsley Cook, Gustavus Hall, Seguin and Ellis Rytle. To this list of artists we may add the great German tenor, Wachtel. Who will probably make an appearance at the academy this season. One peculiarity about this company is that the leading artists can sing as well in Italian or German as in English. A number of members of the chorus and orchestra of Covent Garden and Drury Lane have been secured, with a view to strengthen these departments as much as possible. The prospectus of a successful season, it will be seen, are very flattering, and we trust that both it and the brilliant Nilsson engagement that follows immediately after will have the effect of making opera a permanent institution in the metropolis.

LEIRSIĆ.—The concert season, which gives every promise of being very lively, was inaugurated on the 5th inst., by the first Gewandhaus Concert. The grand orchestra pieces were Bach's Suite in D major, and Beethoven's C minor Symphony. The soloists were Herr Leschetzki, pianist, from St. Peterburgh, and Madlle. Cora Fehrmann, alto, from Richmond, Virginia, U.S. The former played Liszt's "Concerto-Symphonie National Hollandais," No. 3; Chopin's Scherzo in B minor; and two compositions of his own, namely: a Romance, and a Mazurka. He made a decided hit. Not so the lady, who failed to produce a favourable impression by her rendering of the grand air from Rossini's *Mitrane*; Schubert's "Am Grabe Anselmo's;" and Schumann's "Erstes Grün."

THE DRAMA IN PARIS.

(Extract from a Letter.)

If the stage, and the pieces written by its most popular authors, are in any country a fair test of the morals of its people, the morality of France—or I should rather say of Paris—must be at a low ebb indeed; so much so, that it is only fair to believe that they have reached the lowest possible state, and henceforth must mend. The whole city is now rushing to the Gymnase, to witness a new piece in one act, called *Une Visite de Noces*, written by Alexandre Dumas the Younger. Although not more of a prude than my neighbours, and although accustomed to the French stage, this last dramatic composition fairly astounded me. In *Une Visite de Noces* there is neither story nor plot. It reminded me more of a lecture upon adultery from a new point of view, illustrated with incidents more or less unexpected. The hero is a M. de Cigneroy, who, recently married, is in no hurry to pay the accustomed "Visite de Noces" to Madame de Morancé, a young widow, formerly his mistress. A friend of the hero, Lebonnard, wishing to succeed him in the graces of the widow, is anxious that the rupture, partly caused by the marriage, should be final. He therefore invents tales about Madame de Morancé, tending to show that not only had she already consoled herself with other lovers (Lebonnard among the number) since M. de Cigneroy married, but that she had commenced to comfort her widowhood before her rupture with him. These inventions M. Lebonnard relates to his friend, hoping to prevent him from attempting to renew his intimacy; but his falsehoods have the contrary effect. The idea that Madame de Morancé has attracted other lovers evokes in de Cigneroy a return of his former love, and a determination to resume his intimacy at all risks. The infidelity of his mistress, and jealousy at the success of his rivals, lead him to seek once more to be the only lover of Madame de Morancé. Here crops out the doctrine which *Une Visite de Noces* is intended to inculcate:—that men are not jealous because they love, but love because they are jealous. That there is some truth in this, every one who has seen the world will admit; but the illustration, and the cool manner in which the gravest crimes against family ties are treated, make the whole even too gross for many Frenchmen, and that is saying a good deal. The end of the so-called "comedy" is perhaps the most astonishing part of it. M. de Cigneroy discovers that he has been deceived, that he has never had any rival in the affections of his former mistress, that she was faithful before he married, and that she has been faithful to the memory of his affection ever since. Upon learning this his love cools down in a moment; and when he finds that, according to a certain code of morale, his mistress is honest, he thinks he may as well live with one honest woman as with another—so he takes up with his wife. The acting is admirable, Madame Desdee, M. Landrol, and M. Reynard taking the principal parts. But of the morality of the "comedy," the lessons it seems written to inculcate, of the problem it is apparently meant to solve, the less said the better.

All the theatres, now that the cold weather has set in, are doing good business. At the Opéra Comique, the *Pré-aux-Clercs*, which came out for the first time in 1832, has been revived with great success. The house is crowded every night, the public going in shoals to welcome back an old favourite, Madame Carvalho. It seemed like a dream to hear again "Rendez-moi ma patrie," a song which was applauded, as it was last night, by a Parisian audience twenty years before the *coup d'état*. I sat in the *stalles d'orchestre*, beside a grey-headed Frenchman, seemingly a retired military man. "Ah!" he said, "the first time I heard that air was the night before I went to St. Cyr (the military college)—how many events have happened since then! Mon Dieu! How many revolutions has France gone through! We were a greater nation then, Monsieur, than now; and it is our own fault." A new tenor, M. Duchesne, appeared for the second time at this house. Though already a favourite at Bordeaux, and other towns, M. Duchesne has not yet gained the confidence required; but his singing is really good.

At the Palais Royal, Schneider is still playing in *Les Diables Roses*. The Cirque de l'Impératrice, in the Champs Elysées, has been closed for the winter, and the company has moved to the Cirque on the Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire—the "ancien Cirque Napoléon," as the bills inform us. *Apropos* of the name of Napoleon not being current at present, I observed yesterday in three or four of the photograph shops on the Boulevards the ex-Emperor's *carte de visite*—in General's uniform, coloured—exposed for sale, just as of old. Despite all that has happened, for one copy of Gambetta's portrait ten are sold of the man who ruled France for twenty years.

LECCO.—The benefit of Signor Braga, composer of the successful new opera, *Reginella*, created quite a sensation, and attracted the largest audience ever known perhaps within the walls of the theatre. In the course of the evening, the *bénéficiaire*, who is a violoncellist as well as a composer, performed two original pieces, "Violette des Alpes," and "Souvenir de Savena."

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The concert on Saturday brought a larger audience than either of its precursors, and was good in proportion. The selection from the works of Mendelssohn, though less ample than usual, was remarkably attractive, as the subjoined will show:—

Solos for pianoforte,—Presto (Op. 7, No. 7). Prelude and Fugue, No. 6 (Op. 35) Mendelssohn.
Serenade and Rondo Giojoso, pianoforte and orchestra (1838) Mendelssohn.
Overture,—"Hebrides" (in two forms) ... Mendelssohn.
1. As originally composed, Rome, December 16, 1830.
2. As finally altered, London, June 20, 1832.

As this kind of illustrative history of the progress of one of the most justly renowned of musicians goes on its interest naturally deepens. What absorbs the attention, perhaps, even more than the surprising industry and fertility of the composer, who produced great things one after another with a rapidity never bearing the impress of haste or immatured reflection, is the wonderful finish of his earlier compositions—a finish which, in several instances, is not surpassed by his latest. The boy who wrote the pianoforte quartet in B minor, the opera, *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*, the ottet in E flat, the quintet in A, the first two published quartets for string instruments, and the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, while in his teens, was already a master; and we are less astonished at the fact of the three programme overtures (*Meeresstille*, *Die Hebriden*, and *Melusine*), the *Walpurgis Nacht*, the pianoforte concerto in G minor, and the *Italian Symphony*, being all produced before the year when, at twenty-six, he crowned what may be termed the first period of his artistic life with the noble oratorio of *St. Paul*. To follow such a career, step by step in its gradual advance towards perfection, is a task instructive and agreeable in equal measures; and amateurs can hardly be grateful enough to Mr. Manns, who makes out the programmes, and to "G," who annotates them both historically and critically, with such research and hearty enthusiasm, for including a larger number than usual of the least known, or hitherto unknown, both among the earlier and later examples. The pianoforte solos intrusted to Herr Pauer could hardly have been better chosen. The *presto* movement in E major, which forms the last of the *Seven Characteristic Pieces*—for some reason, it is difficult to guess what, first published in England as *The Temperaments*—is a vigorous and capital specimen of the boy-musician when at his strongest. It is a foretaste of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, in which that same key of E plays so conspicuous a part. It is written almost from end to end in what is technically called "syncopation;" and as it is not by any means easy to execute throughout with distinctness at the indicated speed, Herr Pauer acted wisely in modifying this to a considerable extent. In a lesser degree he did the same with the B flat major fugue, which, with its imposing prelude, is one of the finest of the set of six, written at different periods but published together in 1837, as "Op. 35." Herr Pauer found his reward in the clearness with which the themes belonging to the fugue were heard. He also played in a thoroughly musician-like style the *Serenade and Rondo Giojoso*, for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments. In a letter to his family, dated Leipzig, April 2, 1838, Mendelssohn lets us into the secret that this charming piece was almost an improvisation, having been written for some particular concert, copied, rehearsed, and performed (by the composer himself) within the space of two days. The *Serenade* is one of the most plaintive and at the same time melodious strains imaginable, while the *Rondo*—which bears a certain family resemblance here and there, especially in the free use of arpeggios for both hands, to the *finals* of the second concerto—overflows with animation. We have often thought that this piece only wanted a first movement, in the same key as the last (D major), to precede the *serenade*, and thus enrich the art by another complete concerto. It would have been a right worthy companion to the "G minor" and "D minor."

The most interesting feature in the entire programme was of course the juxtaposition of the earlier and later versions of the celebrated overture called, indifferently, the *Einsame Insel* (*Lonely Island*), *Die Hebriden*, *Fingal's Höhle*, and (in England) *The Isles of Fingal*, perhaps the finest of all Mendelssohn's concert-overtures, *Melusine*, which he himself placed first, not excepted. That Mendelssohn had carefully revised and in a great part rewritten the overture composed at Rome in the winter of 1830 (the one with which Hector Berlioz was so enraptured), and gave his amended edition to the world in the summer of 1832, at a London Philharmonic Concert, is well

known; also that the score of the first version was in the possession of the late Moscheles, and that of the amended version in the keeping of Sir Sterndale Bennett. Mendelssohn was perpetually (too perpetually) reconsidering his works. He had already remodelled his *Meeresstille und glückliche Farht* (*Calm Sea and happy voyage*), and, according to his own account, made it at least "thirty times better." We believe him, and entertain as little doubt that his second *Hebrides* is far superior to his first, if clearness and condensation are to be exclusively regarded. Nevertheless, the first version, though diffuse compared with the other, has really passages which may rank with any in its successor, so much so as to warrant a belief that if the last *Hebrides* had not been written, the first *Hebrides* would have been accepted unanimously as a masterpiece. To give any idea of the alterations, additions, retrenchments, and modifications of all sorts which Mendelssohn has made is impossible without the aid of musical type; nor, indeed, would it serve any purpose in a mere report of the performance of the two overtures—each so exciting and yet so different from the other—in close proximity. A very excellent and comprehensive account may be found in the notes to the programme by the well-informed annotator, who tells his readers all that they would care to know. Enough that the experiment was eminently successful—just as successful as that with the four *Fidelio* overtures of Beethoven, some time since. Both versions of the *Hebrides* were admirably given by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Manns; but the last we are inclined to rank among the finest performances ever heard at these concerts, where we are accustomed to so many fine performances. If any test were required to expose the shallowness of what the disciples of the "Music of the Future" have been for years attempting to propagate in Germany and elsewhere, but in Germany more particularly, that test would now be supplied by the series of concerts in progress at the Crystal Palace. By certain of those superfine critics Mendelssohn is reprobed as a "mannerist;" and if being a mannerist signifies that he possessed a manner of his own which put an unmistakable stamp upon whatever he produced, we are not disinclined to admit that he was a mannerist. But in this sense every one of the great masters, from Bach and Handel, Haydn and Mozart, to Spohr and Rossini—Schubert and Schumann not forgotten—were also mannerists. The only exception that can be fairly allowed is Beethoven, whose manner could not be imitated with success, and who has on that account escaped the charge of being a mannerist; although it is just as easy to recognize Beethoven as it is to recognize any of those we have previously enumerated. Beethoven's initials are "written in large capitals," as Schumann said of a certain piece by Mendelssohn, on every page of every work he has left us.

The concert began with the late Mr. Cipriani Potter's overture to *Cymbeline*, known best to frequenters of the Philharmonic Concerts, for which it was composed in 1836, and at which it has been played on several occasions, the last being in June of the present year, when the venerable composer was honoured with an enthusiastic "ovation." The overture, a masterpiece in its way, was received on Saturday with the utmost favour; and this was all the more gratifying, inasmuch as not a note of Mr. Potter's music had been previously introduced at the Crystal Palace. Nevertheless, he has written plenty more quite as good as *Cymbeline*; and that is saying no little. The overture, though unfamiliar to many in the orchestra, was well played, and Mr. Manns could not possibly have taken greater pains with it. The symphony was the "No. 1" of Beethoven, in C, ever welcome for its vigorous freshness, symmetry of form, and unflagging spirit. That this work received full justice at the hands of the Crystal Palace orchestra it is almost superfluous to add. The vocal music was selected from Mozart, Schumann, Meyerbeer, and Gounod, the singers being Miss Dalmaine, Madame Demerie Lablache, and Mr. Vernon Righy. As it included nothing new, it may suffice to say that all of it was more than creditably done.

The pieces by Mendelssohn announced for the 4th concert (to-day) are the *Meeresstille* overture, and the *First Walpurgis Night*. We are also promised, among other things, a symphony by Haydn, an overture by Schumann (*Genoveva*), the air with variations from Schubert's D minor quartet, played by all the string instruments, and Signor Randegger's *scena*, "Medea," sung by Madame Rudersdorff.

Moscow.—The Italian operatic season, under the management of Signor Merelli, was announced to commence on the 14th inst.—A native composer of the name of Schremek has just completed a grand Russian opera, entitled *Elias Murowitz*.

[Oct. 21, 1871.]

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1871.

MUSICAL ARTISTS AND THEIR CRITICS.

THOSE whose business or whim it is to study the signs of the times often make anxious complaint about the increase of restive and ungovernable humours in the body politic. On all hands, they tell us, there is growing inclination to defy authority, and to dignify rebellion with the attributes of a virtue. The blindest among us must know that, to some extent, these sayings are true. An "ignorant impatience of taxation," upon which a great statesman commented as the distinctive feature of his day, is, in our time, but one among a crowd of ignorant impatiences. Every class, almost every individual, indeed, is galled by something; and "kicking over the traces" threatens to be, ere long, the normal state of man. That out of this "bubble-bubble" good will finally issue, it requires no great trust in Providence to believe. But, meanwhile, some of its ramifications are annoying; especially such as are found in places where their possible benefit cannot be conceived, or where the "impatience" they represent is ludicrous and foolish, as well as ignorant. For an illustration of the remark just made, newspaper readers need only tax their memories in a slight degree. They must have seen and noted the frequent appearance of letters from managers and artists complaining of journalistic criticism. A certain proportion of these epistles it is only reasonable to expect, so long as critics are liable to err—so long, also, as error may damage important interests. But, lately, we have witnessed case after case in which an adverse verdict has been followed by childish resentment, or by efforts to restrain that liberty in matters of opinion which the writers would secure for themselves as regards enterprises of doubtful value, or performances of doubtful merit. The man who expresses disapprobation in a theatre, may, as we have lately seen, be "bonneted," or "run in" to the nearest police cell; and a like "ignorant impatience" of criticism now seeks to awe professional critics into silence, if they cannot be cajoled into praise. How is this? and How may this be prevented? are questions worth answering.

As respects the first point, it is to be feared that the critics are, to some extent, the cause of their own annoyances, by being guilty of leniency which excuses faults and belauds merit above its due. So far is this carried, that a power of ambiguous expression has come to be esteemed the critic's most valuable gift. If, while really saying one thing, and keeping square with his conscience, as well as with the discerning few, he can seem to say another to the undiscerning many, he is pre-eminently fit for his post. The critic, however, is responsible for this state of affairs only in part, and even his degree of responsibility arises as often, perhaps, from failings which "lean to virtue's side," as from a natural though blameworthy weakness. A critical chair is an uncomfortable seat, and its occupant may be disposed to study ease at the expense of duty. It is, moreover, a seat of power;

and those who fill it may be prompted by generous impulses to use their power without reference to the demands of justice. Adding to both forms of weakness considerations which arise from the fact that every journal is a commercial enterprise, we see at once why modern criticism is less often criticism at all than it is mere laudatory record. Without stopping to discuss in detail the case thus broadly laid down, let us glance at its inevitable effect. The force of censure is in proportion to its rarity. If one man be blamed, while a thousand are praised, that one man feels the blame a thousandfold more than though he were one among ten hundred delinquents. So, when a manager or artist finds himself the subject of an adverse opinion, however honestly stated, he can explain that rare condition only by reference to prejudice, and he immediately indites a letter to the editor, or, mayhap, consults his lawyer with a view to damages. "Perfectly natural," the reader might think; but he will hardly add "Perfectly right." Privileges rarely used are none the less privileges; and critics would grossly fail in duty were they to surrender their liberty of expression. But to keep it in abeyance is tantamount to surrender, and this fact suggests a remedy which would assuredly make the objects of criticism more amenable to the process. If critics desire to save themselves from annoyance, they must be oftener critics, as distinguished from sympathetic reporters. The whip thus made more common, would startle less. But here the merciful-minded will, perhaps, interpose and urge considerations of personal suffering. Let them not be alarmed. Nature is quick to throw up defences, and the critical lash would soon fall upon a hard and unsympathetic skin. Where would be the good of criticism then? is an obvious but not very thoughtful query. The direct influence of criticism upon the criticised can never be worth a moment's consideration. Censure to the censured is always unfair: praise to the praised is always weak. But criticism influences public opinion, and public opinion works its will, even when a man or woman has to be convinced of shortcomings.

What say artists and managers to the arrangement above suggested. They have two courses before them:—one involving the sufferance of an occasional hint that perfection is not yet attained; the other making necessary an exhibition of absolute and naked truth. In such fashion have matters recently shaped themselves, that before long the alternative will need to be pressed.

THADDEUS EGG.

A telegraphic despatch announces the brilliant success of the first concert of the Santley-Patey-Edith Wynne-Cummings-Lindsay Sloper touring party in America.

NAPLES.—A new operetta, *Cicco e Rienzo*, has been produced successfully at the Teatro Rossini. The composer is Signor Migliaccio, who was called on seventeen times, a large number for any country—except Italy.

BRUSSELS.—*L'Eclair* has been revived at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The bills announce, also, the speedy revival of *Lohengrin*, with Mdlle. von Edelsberg in the part of Ortrud, and of *L'Africaine*, with the same young lady as Selika.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The subscription set on foot by the Artist's Club for the purchase of Dargomyzhsky's posthumous opera, *The Stone Guest*, has reached one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine roubles, which, together with one thousand one hundred and forty-one roubles contributed by the management of the Russian Operahouse, make up the sum of three thousand roubles asked by the composer's heirs. There is now, therefore, nothing to prevent the work being brought out.—Madame Héritte-Viardot has made a moderately successful *début*, at the above theatre, as Sybel in M. Gounod's *Faust*.—Signor Merelli, the manager of the Italian Operahouse, has arrived.—After playing his new opera, *The Demon*, over to the Committee of the Imperial Theatres, on the 28th ult., M. A. Rubinstein left for Vienna.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

We give the following, from the *Court Circular*, for what it may be worth, having ourselves no direct information on the matter :—

"Which of my readers is not glad to hear that Mdlle. Nilsson will return to London for the opera season next year? In spite of rumours to the contrary, this may be accepted as certain, for my authority is better than that of the gentlemen who write paragraphs for the New York papers. Talking of the great Swedish *prima donna*, I may add that she will make her first appearance in opera at Boston next week, as Marguerite, a part in which she is certain to create a sensation with our transatlantic cousins. M. Capoul, who made so favourable an impression in London two seasons ago, plays Faust, and M. Jamet, Mephistopheles. I hear from disinterested sources, that since her arrival in America, Mdlle. Nilsson's voice, already rich and full, as we all know, has increased in volume and power. Mr. Jarrett, well known to music lovers in London from his connection with Her Majesty's Theatre, is winning all hearts in the principal cities of the Union, no less by his urbanity than by the keen business aptitude displayed in his management of Mdlle. Nilsson's business arrangements."

NOTICING a performance of *La Sonnambula* at St. James's Theatre, a musical contemporary says:—"Miss Haydon's Lisa will improve when she is better acquainted with the part; and the same may be said of Mr. Hersee's acting as *The King*,—a rôle which requires rather more dignity of manner," &c. There is a Count in *La Sonnambula*, and our contemporary speaks of Mr. Maybrick as having represented him; but how long has there been a king? Is it possible that the Don Pedro of *Maritana* strayed into the wrong opera?

The one thousandth representation in Paris of Hérold's last opera, *Le Prè aux Clercs*, took place on Tuesday, the 10th inst., at the Opéra Comique, with Mdlme. Carvalho in the part of the Queen. At the conclusion of the opera, Mdlme. Galli Marié, costumed "en Muse Antique," recited some verses written for the occasion by M. Louis Gallet, in honour of the composer, upon whose bust Mdlme. Galli Marié placed a laurel crown.

WE take the following from the *New York Weekly Review* of September 30:—

"A few days ago Mr. Harry Sanderson, the pianist, fell a victim to that fatal disease from which he has been so long suffering. The news produced an unmingled feeling of sorrow and sympathy; not only in the very large circle of his friends, but also among the general public. Harry Sanderson was justly a favourite with both. Gentle, unassuming, modest and generous, he went through life like a true child artist. He was a child in his innermost being, and therefore very often misunderstood. His music was his all, and if it had not been for his disease, his, in many respects, remarkable talent would likely have yielded still better and more legitimate fruits. Now he has entered upon that 'long journey,' from which there is no return. Let us hope that it will lead him to more happiness than this world could offer him."

Mr. Sanderson's brilliant performance, at the Promenade Concerts of the late Alfred Mellon (Covent Garden Theatre) are well remembered, as also are his kindly disposition and gentlemanly deportment.

THE following appeared the other day in a morning contemporary:—

"At a meeting in the Freemasons' Tavern, London, of gentlemen connected with the Principality, and presided over by Robert Jones, Esq., Sheriff of London and Middlesex, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, viz.:—'That this meeting is of opinion that it is desirable that an appropriate token should be presented to Miss Edith Wynne for the purpose of manifesting the esteem in which she is held by her numerous friends connected with the Principality, and the gratification which they feel at the high position to which she has attained in her profession, as well as in recognition of her readiness at all times to assist by her talent in furtherance of the cause of charity and patriotism.' After the election of an influential committee, and of J. H. Fullston, Esq., banker, 41, Lombard Street, as treasurer, subscriptions in furtherance of the object were invited and liberally responded to. It is intended that the subscription list shall remain open until about the time of Miss Wynne's return from America."

We are no friends to testimonials in general; but in this particular point or two may be strained. Success, therefore, to the Wynne testimonial. The Welshmen have a right to be proud of their fair countrywoman.

In a notice of recent doings at the Alhambra, the *Daily News*—not represented, we may be sure, by its erudite musical critic—says:—"An operatic adaptation of *Box and Cox*, by Arthur Sullivan, is amusing, but wearying on account of its length. Mr. Morton, the author of the well-known farce, might take exception to it as introducing too much of Meyerbeer, and Meyerbeer might as reasonably object that a good deal of his music is inappropriately wedded to Mr. Morton's libretto." In the same spirit of discernment and truthfulness, we add that Mr. Sullivan has drawn as largely upon the Lutheran chorales as on Meyerbeer, and it is notorious that every concerted piece in *Cox and Box* may be traced to one or other of Bach's fugues. Mr. Sullivan should know better than to steal at a time when so many keen-eyed detectives are about.

AFTER to-night English Opera will appeal from the unsympathetic West to the unsophisticated East; in other words, it will migrate from St. James's Theatre to the Royal National Standard, Shoreditch. We are grieved, but not surprised. If English Opera comes clad in seedy English raiment, or in Italian rags, it must gravitate towards Houndsditch, as by a natural law.

MADAME LUCCI SIEVIERI, who has been described as an inspirational musician" (whatever that may mean), has announced some expositions of spiritual harmony, vocal and instrumental, to take place at St. George's Hall shortly. Perhaps some of the members of the Dialectical Society will be present and report progress.

A CONTEMPORARY, in an article well-disposed towards "Future-Music," says:—

"Everything that is strikingly original requires time before it can be properly understood. Thomas Carlyle's writings on their first appearance were called 'a mass of clotted nonsense.' Now he is justly ranked among our greatest authors. It was the same with Beethoven. Will the turn of the musicians of the Future come also? It is impossible to say."

To this we add:—and equally impossible to believe that Messrs. Wagner, Brahms, Liszt, and Rubinstein can, by any conceivable art-revolution, become what Carlyle is in Literature or Beethoven in Music. The merit of these two illustrious men does not lie in saying nothing confusedly.

PROVINCIAL.

WE take the following from the *Malvern News*:—

"The talented organist of Newland deserves much praise for the pains he has taken in conducting the Malvern Link Choral Union. An entertainment con-listing of music and readings was recently given at the Link Lecture Hall, in aid of the funds of the Union. There was a good attendance, and the whole passed off with *éclat*. Mrs. W. E. Davies, Miss Ketcher, Mrs. Bennett, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Tyrer rendered assistance. The opening entertainment of the series of winter amusements at the Wyche Institute was held on Tuesday, and fairly attended. Readings and songs were given by inhabitants of the district; and the Rev. F. A. Grahame, who presided, made some remarks upon the objects and advantages of the institute."

PLYMOUTH.—A local paper says:—

"*Elijah* was performed at St. James's Hall by the Vocal Association. The hall was crowded. Mr. F. N. Lühr conducted, and the leader was Mr. M. Rice, of Torquay. The band was efficient; their performance being admirable both in precision and taste. The overture was given with much more taste and steadiness than we have sometimes heard it. The great features of *Elijah* are its choruses, and Sir Michael Costa himself need not have been ashamed to have conducted so creditable a body of singers. The parts were well-balanced, and on the whole the choruses were well done. No oratorio music is better suited to Mr. Lewis Thomas than the solos of *Elijah*, and no living singer can render Elijah's songs more tellingly than Mr. Thomas. If we say we have heard him throw more fire and effect into these songs than he did last night, it is only that we may add that even thus his renderings were a very great musical treat. 'It is enough,' and some other of Mr. Thomas's songs, were true works of art. Mrs. Thaddeus Wells is an efficient although not a brilliant soprano, and sang with great care the music falling to her share. Equally meritorious were the tenor solos of Mr. Stanton, whose voice, if not of great compass, is exceedingly pure and pleasing. As a whole, however, the concert was a most creditable one to all concerned."

MUSICAL MATTERS IN SPAIN.*

Spain, with its bright, sunny sky, has produced great poets, but has not been so fruitful in the domain of music. The little it has done in this way does not extend beyond the confines of the country. It is, however, sufficiently remarkable to merit more extensive publicity, were it only on account of its nationally characteristic stamp. It is an undeniable fact that there exists in the Spanish people a great natural aptitude for the Beautiful in art, and, if this aptitude has not been developed as much as could be desired, the fault is attributable partly to the indolence peculiar to the nations of the South, and partly to the want of a more serious artistic impulse. Recently, however, things have taken a highly satisfactory turn in the latter respect. German classic compositions, which, down to 1850, were entirely unknown over the country, and never performed even in the Spanish capital, have opened out a path for themselves, thanks to Quartet Unions, and Grand Concert Associations. A taste for good music has been excited among a certain part of the public, and its increasing success cannot possibly fail to react upon native composers. It is astonishing what a number of amateurs there are in the country; nearly every mechanic knows some instrument or other, and turns his proficiency to account by playing in the theatres, circuses, and military bands. For this reason, the number of professional musicians, properly so-called, is exceedingly limited, because there are so many amateurs, who perform at a very low price. The larger art-institutions at Madrid, such as the Opera Real, the Sociedad de Conciertos, the Summer-Concert Society, in the Buen Retiro Gardens, establishments which, on account of the privileges they enjoy, shirk no expense, are the only ones that can pay the professional musician more remunerative terms. Thus, the lowest salary of violinists at the Operahouse, Madrid, is 150 francs a month; first-class players receive 300 pesetas, while the Grand Paris Opera pays scarcely 120 francs. The active members of the Madrid Sociedad de Conciertos for Classical Music receive for each concert an average price of sixty francs, while Pasdeloup, in Paris, thinks that sixteen francs is plenty for each "concert and three rehearsals." During the Carnival Season, a small band of seven or eight musicians obtain some 200 to 300 pesetas an evening, while the Parisian purveyors of ball-music, MM. Waldteufel, Strauss, etc., settled the "prix de Paris" for "the whole night" at from 10 to 12 francs a head. To gain such wretched remuneration, there is no need of going to Paris; one may as well stop quietly in Germany. The reason that the professional musicians of Madrid are not victimized by managers is because they form associations among themselves, and conduct their own financial and artistic concerns. Thus the Madrid Sociedad de Conciertos gives its present conductor, Monasterio, only twice as much as a simple member of the band, having discharged its founder and former conductor, the composer, Barbieri, for the purely material reason that he claimed a fifth share. A large place in the Calle Mayor serves the Madrid musicians as a rendezvous every day between one and three in the afternoon. They there form a sort of Musical Exchange, where every one in need of their assistance can find and engage them. If musicians in other capitals were equally practical, and would club together a little more, instead of splitting up into factions, and if, in their enthusiasm for the Ideal, they would not forget quite so much the Material, in art—their state would be the more gracious. The following are the principal associations of this kind in Madrid: the Musical-Artistic Association for Mutual Assistance, with a present annual income of 60,000 reals; and El Fomento de las Artes, founded in the year 1859. The latter called into life the various Madrid choral societies, headed by the Orfeón Artístico-Madrilense, which gets up sacred concerts every year, and the Society of Pianoforte Tuners (!), Pianists, and Musical Professors of both sexes, called La Sin-Par, which tunes pianos for 10 reals ($2\frac{1}{2}$ francs), and gives music lessons at proportionately moderate prices. Every musician who takes an active part at concerts or theatrical performances, enjoys in Spain the title of Professor; thus the orchestra of the Madrid Opera consists of 90 professors; and Monasterio's grand concert band, of 95 professors—probably because many among them exercise at the same time

some other "profession." This reminds one of the abuse of the doctor's title in other countries.

Since the year 1851, Madrid has possessed a "Royal Conservatory of Music and Declamation." The first director was Francisco Piermarini, an Italian singing master; Carnicer conducted the classes of composition, and Albeniz, those of the piano.* Subsequent teachers of composition were the well-known Spanish composers, Helarion Eslava, and Emilio Arrieta, the latter having, for the last three years, been director of the institution. Instruction in the violin is entrusted to the skilful hands of Monasterio, founder of the Quartet Society for Classical Chamber Music—which has existed ever since 1862—and the present conductor of the Grand Orchestral Concerts. The vocal department, which formerly turned out some thorough female singers, now constitutes the *partie faible* of the whole. The magnificent large hall of the Conservatory, where the examinations and the concerts were held, was situated at the back of the Royal Operahouse. On the 20th April, 1867, it fell a prey to the flames, and is still a mass of ruins at the present day. Thanks, however, to the impulse given by the new king, Amadeo, who is fond of music, the hall is shortly to be restored to its former splendour; the preparations have already commenced. The Quartet Concerts take place, during the autumn season, in the small hall of the Conservatory, and the grand Spring Orchestral Concerts in the large and elegant Teatro e Circo de Madrid, belonging to Count Rivas, and situate in the promenade of the Prado, always thronged and sparkling with light. The Summer Concerts, conducted this year with the most extraordinary success by the celebrated double-bass player and composer, Bottesini, are like the concerts in the Champs Elysées, Paris, and attract the most fashionable audiences.

The most distinguished art-institution in Spain is the National Operahouse, with a season from October to Easter. It is devoted more especially to the cultivation of Italian music, all the singers being Italians, so that, as far as regards its Italian *Stagione*, Madrid can enter the lists against the great capitals of Paris, London, and St. Petersburg. The Teatro Nacional del Opera is one of the largest and most magnificent in Europe; it can accommodate about 3000 persons, and the stage is as large as that of the Grand Opera, Paris, if, indeed, it is not wider and higher. The artistic ensemble frequently suffers from the immense proportions of the building. The latter was inaugurated on the 19th November, 1850, with Donizetti's *Favorite*, the principal artists being Alboni, the celebrated contralto; the tenor, Gardoni; the barytone, Barroilhet; and the bassist, Formes. Among other well-known artists who have appeared there I may mention Madames Rosina Penco, Borghi Mamo, Lotti Marchisio, Ortolani Tiberini, Fermi, Carozzi, Sonnieri; Signori Rubini, Fraschini, Tamberlick, Graziani, Naudin, Palermi, tenors; Signori Bonheée, Agnesi, baritones; and Signori Silva, Medini, and Scalisse, basses. To these was added last season a young Italianised German tenor from Berlin, Signor Perotti (Prott), who was eminently successful. For next season, 1871-72, the following artists have been engaged: sopranos, Ortolani Tiberini, Urban, Wijack, Fiando; contraltos, Caracciolo, Bernardoni; tenors, Pozzo, Piccoli, Tamberlick (who will return in Febrary from Mexico and the Hayannahs), Tiberini, Fabbri; baritones, Quintelli, Squarzina, Galassi; basses, Petit, Capponi, and Becerra. The conductor is the same as last year, namely, M. Skoczdopole, from the Italian Opera, Paris, now temporarily closed. The orchestra will number 90 "professors," and the chorus ninety singers, male and female, while there will be thirty fair members of the corps de ballet. For the month of March, the management promise Nilsson and Adelina Patti—if nothing happens to prevent it. The operas to be produced are: *Il Conte Ory*; *Dinorah*; *L'Ombre* (Flotow's new opera); *Jone*; *Il Bravo*; *Marino Faliero*, as novelties; *L'Ebrea*; *Roberto il Diavolo*; *Mathilde di Shabran*; *Il Nuovo Mosè*; *Don Giovanni*; *Gli Ugonotti*; *Un Ballo in Maschera*; *Saffo*; *Il Profete*; *Maria di Rohan*; *Faust*; *La Favorite*; *L'Africaine*. Meyerbeer is satisfactorily represented in this list by his principal works; what is wanted at the Spanish National Opera is—Spanish National Opera.

We may state that the three principal music-sellers in Madrid are Messrs. Romero, Eslava, and Martin, who live on the whole-

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

sale piracy of foreign works and arrangements, Spanish Zarzuelas, and Offenbach's operas. A few years ago a *Gazeta Musical de Madrid*, was published, but it soon died for want of support. The only art-paper now existing is the *Entre-Act*, published by a theatrical Agent of the name of Arango. The more eminent Spanish composers of the present day are Messrs. Esalava, Arrieta, Barbieri, Budrid, and Gastambeda. Esalava, as director of the old Chapel Royal, wrote many sacred works considered in Spain masterpieces of their kind. It is true that the Spanish have not had an opportunity of hearing the works of Beethoven, Cherubini, Mozart, and Bach in their churches. But they have had all the more Italian operatic music.

A. V. CZEKÉ.

W A I F S.

Madame Arabella Goddard has returned to London.

Mr. Jarrett (Jarrett & Palmer), of Niblo's, New York, has passed through London, en route for the south of Europe, via Paris.

Herr Wachtel is engaged by Mr. Carl Rosa, for the Parepa German opera party.

The death of M. Révial, of Paris, a well-known and eminent professor of singing, is announced to have taken place suddenly at Etretat.

A branch of the *Conservatoire de Musique de Paris* is about to be established at Lyons. M. Amédée Méreaux, says report, is likely to be appointed "Principal."

We are glad to be able to state that Mr. C. L. Gruneison, secretary to the Conservative Land Society, is rapidly recovering from the effects of the accident he recently met with at the Leeds Town Hall.

Mr. W. H. Cummings has resigned the position of Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's, which he has held so long, and with so much distinction.

Madame Rosa Czillag, now in Paris, is about to proceed on a concert tour through the North of France, with several artists of the Opéra and Théâtre Lyrique.

The accounts in connection with the late Gloucester Festival will not be closed for a week or two; but it is stated that the contributions to the charity are expected to amount to nearly £1,800, while there will be a balance of £150 to be added to the steward's funded account.

It is stated that the Hungarian Government has just accorded to the Abbé Liszt a pension of 6,000 florins (2f. 50c. each), with letters of nobility. He is about to leave Rome, and will in future reside alternately in Pesth and Weimar.

The Mother Carey's Chickens of the musical tempest which is shortly to burst upon us are flying about, Mr. Mapleson having issued the prospectus of his autumnal season of Italian Opera, and the directors of the Oratorio Concerts having announced the plan of their fourth campaign.

Mr. Gilmore, who has succeeded in obtaining for the forthcoming Great Boston Universal Peace Festival that which he came to England upon excellent grounds to solicit, has left for the continent, where, especially in Germany, he has other and similar business to transact. Our good wishes follow him wherever he may go.

The Viennese Almas dance before the Kaiser twice a week; and the theatre is always full. There was a great concert recently, at which Sivori played, the Emperor coming expressly for his solo and for a symphony dedicated to the King of Bavaria by M. J. J. Abert, chapelmaster at Stuttgart—which was a real success.

Mrs. Scott Siddons has been giving dramatic readings with much success in Mr. Haynes's concert-room, Great Malvern. Mr. Haynes is indefatigable in his endeavours to provide intellectual entertainment for residents and visitors to this beautiful and fashionable watering-place.

We (*Choir*) understand that M. Gern, the organ builder of Pancras Street, Tottenham Court Road, is having a handsome Gothic Hall erected at Kensington, where recitals will be given upon his organs as they are completed. The design for the building will secure the comfort of the visitors, and supply a want which has long been felt in the west end of the metropolis.

M. Gounod's *Gallia* will—says the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*—be given at one of the ensuing concerts of the *Conservatoire*, of which the following are the dates already fixed:—October 29; November 5, 12, 19, and 26; December 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31. The election of students has commenced under the inspection of MM. Ambroise Thomas, Wekerlin, Georges Hainl, Boulanger, and Vaucolell.

M. Baroilhet, the well-known barytone of the Grand Opera, Paris who died during the war with Prussia, has left—says *Le Ménestrel*—a legacy of one thousand francs to the fund for the benefit of the wounded French soldiers. The legacy has been accepted by the Minister of Finance.

Mr. Henry W. Goodban, we have been informed, has just composed a new Pedal Fugue on three subjects, in the key of D minor, for the organ. A composition of this character from Mr. Goodban, whose Fugue, published in the *Choir* some time since, was noticed by us, is welcome, and we trust it may turn out as good as its precursor.

The general belief has been—says the *Ménestrel*—that only three composers (Rossini, Paisiello, and Dall' Argine) have set Beaumarchais' comedy, *Le Barbier de Séville*, to music. In truth, however, it has been also set by Ludwig Benda (Hamburg, 1782); d'Elisperger (Salzburg, 1783); Schulz (Reinberg, 1786); and Nicolo Isouard, composer of *Cendrillon*, *Jeannot et Colin*, and *Joconde* (Malta, 1796).

The Emperor of Austria has just shown his sympathy with the musical profession by a most opportune gift of 1,000 florins to the society founded thirty years ago by Gervinus and Chrysander for the publication of Handel's works. Never was a donation more needed, for the death of Gervinus, and the withdrawal of the subscription accorded to the enterprise by the former Hanoverian government, had left but little funds to carry on the work.

Herr Ullmann's concert party, consisting of the following artists—Madame Monbelli, MM. Carl Hill, Carlo Nicotini, the Florentine quartet "verein" (conducted by Herr Jean Becker), Mdile, Anna Mehlig, Signor Sivori, Herr F. Grutzmacher and M. C. Oberthür, begin their tour October 24th, at Breslau, from whence they proceed to Goritz, Dresden, Leipzig, Berlin, Stettin, and return to Berlin October 31st. On November 1st they give a concert at Magdeburg, and during the month concerts are to be given at Brunswick, Hanover, Bremen, Elberfeld, Dusseldorf, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Mayence, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, and Munich.

A correspondent writing to us from Schwerin says:—

"A few days ago Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was performed, quite according to the original score, with all the recitatives and scenery. Also a new translation by von Gugler and Baron von Wolzogen, who is the Impresario to our Court Theatre. It was in many respects a splendid production, although most of the lady singers are beginners. Miss von Csánsz, from Pressburg and Vienna, who is newly engaged as *prima donna*, sang the Donna Anna; Miss Rudolph, the Zerline; Mr. Carl Hill, for the first time, Don Giovanni; Miss Schaffroth, Donna Elvira; Mr. Bohlig, Don Ottavio; and Mr. Mühe, of Königsburg, the Conthur. Our conductor is Mr. Alois Schmitt, who you will most likely know already per *renome*.—One of the largest and finest of continental organs has just been completed. It is the grand organ of 84 stops, built by Mr. Ladegast, of Weissenfels, for our Dom Kirche or 'Cathedral Church,' with 4 manuals. The organist, Mr. George Hepworth, gave his first concert of this season on the 3rd of October. The programme contained 1. Fantaisie, C minor, à quatre mains (A. Hesse); 2. 'Forget me not,' a sacred song, by J. S. Bach, sung by Mr. Carl Hill, the celebrated baritone, who is chamber singer to the Grand Duke, member of the opera, and has been engaged by Mr. Ullmann for his continental tour, as representative of German song; 3. Adagio for the violin, in E major, from Bach's sonata No. 8, performed by Mr. William Hepworth, in a most masterly style, accompanied by the organ. The effect of this piece in a building of the extent of our Dom Kirche is beyond description, when accompanied on the swell organ. 4. Grand Prelude and Fugue, A minor, J. S. Bach; 5. Adagio, A flat, from sonata of Mendelssohn; 6. Aria, 'O Lord, have mercy,' St. Paul, sung by Mr. Hill."

New York.—Herr Theodor Wachtel made his first appearance in this city on the 18th ult. The opera he selected was *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*.

BONN.—The town Musical Director, Herr von Wasielewsky, the biographer of Schumann, has received from the Minister of Instruction in Berlin a handsome sum to enable him to visit Italy with a view of making musical researches there. What renders the fact more gratifying to Herr von Wasielewsky is that this liberality of the Government was quite spontaneous, and entirely unsolicited on his part.

BADEN.—The last concert of the season was a concert of classical instrumental music. First and foremost among the artists was Signor Sivori, who delighted the audience by his performance of the opening movement from his grand Concerto in A major. Herr Kündinger, first violin at the Mannheim Theatre, played Goltermann's A minor Concerto. Herr Stenebrüggen, one of the few artists who have remained true to that beautiful but difficult instrument, the old-fashioned horn without valves, played Mozart's E flat major concerto; and Herr Stiehl took the Priest Chorus from *Die Zauberflöte* as the theme for an improvisation on the organ-harmonium. The pieces for full band were a new Symphony in C minor, by Herr J. J. Abert, and Vogl's overture to *Demophoon*.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

(Continued from page 649.)

This weighty question being disposed of, Dumas proceeds to enlarge on the corporal advantages of his father, who, if he answered to the description, must have united the grace and beauty of Antinous to the strength of Hercules:—

"He had the brown complexion, chestnut hair, soft eyes, and straight nose which belong exclusively to the mixture of the Indian and Caucasian races. He had white teeth, sympathetic lips, the neck well set upon powerful shoulders, and notwithstanding his height of five feet nine inches (French), the hand and foot of a woman. His foot in particular set a swearing (*faisait damner*) his mistresses, whose slippers he was rarely unable to wear. At the epoch of his marriage, his calf was exactly the size of my mother's waist. His wild mode of living in the colonies had developed his address and his strength in an extraordinary manner. He was a regular American cavalier, a Guacho. With gun or pistol, he did wonders of which St. Georges and Junot were jealous. As to his muscular force, it had become proverbial in the army. More than once, he amused himself in the riding school whilst passing under a beam, by taking this beam between his arms, and lifting his horse off the ground between his legs. I have seen him (and I recollect the circumstances with all the excitement of childhood) carry two men upright on his bent leg and hop with them across the room. . . . Dr. Fergus, who served under my father, has frequently related to me that on the evening of his arrival to join the army of the Alps, he saw by the fire of a bivouac a soldier who, amongst other feats of strength, was amusing himself by inserting his finger in the barrel of a musket and raising it, not at arm's length, but at finger's length. A man wrapped in a cloak mixed with the spectators and looked on like the rest, till smiling and throwing off his cloak, he said: 'Not bad that; now bring me four muskets.' They obeyed, for they had recognized the General-in-chief. He then inserted his four fingers in the four barrels, and lifted the four muskets with the same ease with which the soldier had lifted one. Fergus, when he told me this anecdote, was still at a loss to comprehend how a man's muscles could raise such a weight."

We are as much at a loss as the Doctor; but further marvels are to come:—

"During one of the General's Italian campaigns, the soldiers were forbidden to leave the camp without their side-arms under pain of forty-eight hours' arrest. My father was passing on horseback, when he met Père Moulin, since maître d'hôtel at the Palais Royal, who, at this period, was a tall and fine young man of twenty-five. Unluckily this tall and fine young man had no sword by his side. On seeing my father he set off on a run to gain a cross street; but my father, who had caught sight of the fugitive and guessed the cause of his flight, put his horse to the gallop, overtook him, and exclaiming, 'So, rascal, you are resolved to get yourself assassinated,' collared him, and lifting him from the ground, without pressing or slackening the pace of his horse, my father carried the man thus in his talons as a hawk carries a lark, till, finding a *corps de garde* on his way, he threw Moulin towards them, exclaiming, 'Forty-eight hours arrest for that——'."

The following incident may serve to convey a notion of the manner in which the General's personal prowess was exhibited against the enemy in the field:—

"It was at Maudì that my father found the first opportunity of distinguishing himself. Commanding as brigadier a look-out party composed of four dragoons, he unexpectedly fell in with an enemy's patrol composed of thirteen Tyrolese chasseurs and a corporal. To see and, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, charge them, was the affair of an instant. The Tyrolese, who did not expect this sudden attack, retreated into a small meadow surrounded by a ditch wide enough to stop cavalry. But, as I have already observed, my father was an excellent horseman; and he was on an excellent horse called Joseph. He gathered up the reins, gave Joseph his head, cleared the ditch like M. de Montmorency, and found himself in an instant in the midst of the thirteen chasseurs, who, stupefied by such hardihood, presented their arms and surrendered. The conqueror collected the thirteen rifles into a single bundle, placed them on his saddle-bow, compelled the thirteen men to move up to his four dragoons, who remained on the other side of the ditch which they had been unable to clear, and having repassed the ditch the last man, he brought his prisoners to head quarters. Prisoners were rare at this time. The appearance of four men bringing in thirteen produced a lively sensation in the camp."

This we can well believe, and we know of no parallel for the exploit except that of the Irishman, who, single-handed, took four Frenchmen prisoners by surrounding them; or that of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin, to whom a squadron of cavalry surrendered at discretion on his coming suddenly upon them in a woody defile when he was consulting his personal safety by flight.

If an English writer were to begin in this fashion, his countrymen would most assuredly set him down for a rival of Munchausen, and haply hold themselves excused from attaching any serious importance

to his future revelations, real or pretended. But in the case of a vivacious Frenchman, ample allowance must be made for a national habit, which we would rather exemplify by instances than characterize in plain language.

If M. Lamartine occasionally laid himself open to censure by indiscretion, he rendered invaluable services to the cause of peace and order by his courage and presence of mind at an extremely critical period, in 1848; and the praise of high-minded and unswerving integrity has been unanimously conceded to him. It is impossible to suspect such a man of wilful or conscious departure from veracity, and we may therefore cite the Waterloo chapter of his *History of the Restoration* as one of the most remarkable examples on record of the predominance of imagination over judgment in a Frenchman. In the course of a few pages he makes the Duke of Wellington, mounted on his eighth horse, after seven had been killed under him, gallop up to two of his regiments of dragoons, make them take off the surbs of their bridles to prevent them from checking their horses in the charge, and distribute brandy to the men before launching them against the foe. He then orders his "intrepid Scotchmen," after allowing the approach of the French cavalry without firing, to slip under the horses, and rip them up "with the short and broad sword of these children of the North." By way of episode, Ney figures in the front, flourishing his general's hat in his left hand, his broken sword in his right, his dying horse at his feet; and General Lesourd dismounts, whilst his dragoons are rallying, to have his arm amputated, and then leads them to the charge.

It may possibly be urged that M. Lamartine is essentially a poet, and cannot be expected to clip the wings of his fancy when once fairly set in motion by so exciting a theme. But M. Thiers is eminently endowed with most of the qualifications which are supposed to guarantee the trustworthiness of an historian. He has a clear head, a ready pen, penetration, sagacity, and large experience of affairs acquired as a practical administrator. Yet, strange to say, his account of the battle of Trafalgar is substantially as much at variance with both fact and probability, though not quite so extravagant on the face of it, as M. Lamartine's *Waterloo*. According to M. Thiers, hardly one of the French ships struck until assailed by an irresistible superiority of numbers—three or four to one—although, when the battle began, Nelson had four ships of the line and three frigates less than Villeneuve. To the same category belong the famous boast, *La garde meurt et ne se rend pas*, attributed to Cambronne, who was actually taken prisoner at Waterloo, the dying words (never spoken) of Desaix, and the alleged self-immolation of the sailors of *Le Vengeur*, who, instead of sinking with the cry of *Vive la République*, scrambled into the English boats, crying loudly for help. The extraordinary fictions to which French ministers and generals habitually resorted during the late war to keep up the spirits of the people and the troops, must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. There was not pin to choose between the exulting empire, the government of national defence, or the government of the National Assembly, in this respect. No sooner had M. Thiers got together the semblance of an army than he declared it to be the finest army ever possessed by France; and when, after several days of desultory street fighting, he had worn out rather than conquered the armed rabble of the capital, he proclaimed that the whole world was lost in admiration at the splendour of his victory and the irresistible prowess of French troops.

If we recall attention to this national weakness, it is simply for the purpose of suggesting that we cannot throw aside Dumas as unworthy of further notice by reason of his tendency to exaggeration, without laying down a rule which must prove fatal to the reputation of the most distinguished of his countrymen. Fortunately, too, the value of his *Mémoirs* consists principally in anecdotes and revelations which may be easily verified by accessible evidence, or in views, reflections, and criticisms based upon patent and acknowledged facts. With regard to the alleged events of his boyhood, we are inclined to assume his general accuracy, because we are utterly at a loss to see what motive he could have in inventing or colouring stories, most of which are by no means flattering to his self-love. He frankly tells us that he was bred up in poverty in a petty provincial town, by a doting mother, whose fondness, we must do him the justice to add, he uniformly repays by the most affectionate and unremitting solicitude for her feelings and comfort. Indeed the endearing and ennobling sentiment of filial love breathes throughout the whole of his family details as freshly and naturally as in Moore's *Diary*, thereby affording another striking proof that real goodness of heart may co-exist with a more than ordinary degree of vanity and self-consciousness, even when pampered by flattery and inflated by success.

(To be continued.)

VIENNA.—Herr von Flotow's opera: *Sein Schatten*, is in rehearsal at the Theater an der Wien. The principal parts will be entrusted to Mesdames Geistinger, Olma, Herren Swoboda and Borkowski.

REVIEWS.

Nocturne, par GIULIO REGONDI, transcrise pour piano, par son ami, FREDERIC D'ALQUEN. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THIS is a pianoforte adaptation of Giulio Regondi's "Nocturne-Rêverie," Op. 19, one of the most melodious, charming, and ingenious effusions ever written for the instrument of which Mr. Regondi is and has always been far and far away the most accomplished master. No amateur need be told what this truly admirable artist has in his time been able to do with the instrument of his predilection—or, rather, one of the instruments of his predilection, remembering, as we do, that his mastery of the guitar is scarcely exceeded by his mastery of the concertina. But above all, Signor Regondi is a musician of the truest stamp. The pieces he writes for his favourite instrument have the genuine ring in them. They are not merely successions of notes *ad libitum*, but are real music, the offspring of a truly elegant and cultured mind. The nocturne before us, dedicated to Madame Arabella Goddard—"avec permission" (as if she could possibly have declined so graceful a compliment from one who in complimenting confers an honour)—is a highly finished and attractive piece. How Sig. Regondi plays the nocturne himself upon the instrument for which it was expressly composed, it would be superfluous to say—just as superfluous as to say that he plays it in a manner which no one else, under any circumstances, could hope to rival. In its present shape, as carefully and effectively "transcribed" for the pianoforte by his friend, M. Frederic D'Alquen, it is a boon for pianists who desire something combining expression with brilliancy for public performance, and who at the same time possess manual dexterity enough to master it with ease. We confess we should like to hear it played by Madame Arabella Goddard on the pianoforte, both on Signor Regondi's account and on her own—or Signor Regondi's, because, under sympathetic fingers, it would be shown that his music can speak no less eloquently through the medium of the pianoforte than through that of the concertina; and on Madame Goddard's account, because she would then be provided with a new and legitimate means of exhibiting those qualities of feeling and mechanism which have raised her to the position she occupies as a mistress of her art.

Method of Instruction for a Baritone Voice, containing a Complete System of Solfeggi, Vocalises, and Exercises; with General Rules on the Art of Singing. By GAETANO NAVA. Edited by his pupil, CHARLES SANTLEY. [London: Boosey & Co.]

It would be enough to say of this work that it comes from the master of Charles Santley, and is brought to us by the pupil of Gaetano Nava. Master and pupil have such fame, that anything to which they put their hands may be taken on trust. Nevertheless we must give to the "Baritone Method" a word or two of emphatic approval. Its preliminary directions are remarkable for clearness and conciseness, while they embrace every detail necessary for the foundation of a perfect singer, and are interspersed with examples and exercises not less admirable for inherent beauty than for adaptedness to their purpose. The solfeggi and graduated lessons occupy 183 out of 200 pages, presenting a course than which we can conceive nothing more complete or exhaustive of its subject. Mr. Santley has done good service to English baritones by the issue of this work, and we devoutly hope some of them will retire from public life awhile and give themselves up to its private study.

Six Sacred Part-songs for Mixed Voices. Composed by Arthur S. Sullivan. [London: Boosey & Co.]

The first of these modest compositions is a Carol, "I sing the birth was born to-night," which appeared and was noticed by us some two years ago. Following it comes music to Dr. Newman's "Lead, kindly light," remarkable for sedate and somewhat austere harmonies; to Kirke White's "Through sorrow's path and danger's road," in which straightforward simplicity is the most striking feature; and to Mrs. Hemans's "Say, Watchman, what of the night?" wherein an excellent effect is produced by giving the questions, always in F minor, first to one part, and, subsequently, adding others (in unison); while the answers are made in full chorus on the tonic major. This composition is eminently worthy of Mr. Sullivan, as, though perhaps in a less degree, is a setting of Adelaide Proctor's "The way is long and dreary." A Carol ends, as a Carol begins, the set. "It came upon the midnight sky" opens with a flowing, if slightly *rocco*, theme in F major; to which presently is conjoined a soprano solo, repeating the angelic message, "Peace on earth," &c. A serious episode in the relative minor follows, on the words "Yet with the woes of sin and strife," which passes naturally and effectively into A flat major prior to the re-entrance of the solo voice. The first theme and key are subsequently resumed, and an excellent coda finishes the work. This carol, so elaborately worked, and so musicianly in every respect, ought to have extensive use at the great church festival now fast drawing near,

Second Organ Book, containing Thirty-three Entirely New compositions for the Organ, by JULIUS ANDRE. [London: Boosey & Co.]

The name of Andre is now so well known to all organ-playing men, and the worth of Andre's music is so generally conceded, that little is required by way of recommending the book now before us. Of the thirty-three pieces here given, some are intended for special occasions, and others for more general use as "in" and "out" voluntaries. But all are marked by the scholarly writing and perfect knowledge of the instrument which have given Herr Andre his reputation. We regret that space will not allow of a notice in detail. As, however, organists everywhere will take merit for granted, we need only say that the music, generally speaking, avoids those difficulties which stand in the way of moderate players; and that it is written so as to be easily available for instruments of average size. The composer has thus sought, in his way, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number;" this being the reason, perhaps, for dispensing with a pedal *obbligato*, and arranging the music on two staves. We predict for Andre's "Second Organ Book" a popularity exceeding even that of its predecessor.

Six Part-songs for Mixed Voices. Composed by FREDERIC H. COWEN. [London: Boosey & Co.]

The talented young composer whom we have had frequently to congratulate upon success in the higher branches of his art, now appears in a more modest, but, really, not less responsible position. Like a good many other things which seem comparatively easy, the writing of a part-song is essentially difficult. In point of fact, good part-writing is a composer's highest "form." With the ability for it, he may do anything; without such ability, he can do nothing. Mr. Cowen's ambition, therefore, may well find a certain satisfaction in the success of works like those here put forward. No. 1, "Good-morrow," is an Allegretto in G major of pleasing character, though showing too decided a tendency, for a part-song, towards a pedal bass. It should never be forgotten that a part-song is not, in strictness, merely a harmonized melody. Similar remarks apply to No. 2, "The Bee and the Dove," though the pleasing effect of the music is even more pronounced than in No. 1. As regards the rest of the set—"Home," "Chloe," "The Moss Rose," and "Lady-bird"—it must suffice to say that all show much skill both in detail and in general structure. They will increase Mr. Cowen's reputation, and establish him as not less efficient in the department to which they belong than he is known to be in others of a wider range and loftier capacity.

Dans les Bois (Nouvelle Suite). Seven Morceaux Caractéristiques pour Piano, par STEPHEN HELLER. [London: Boosey & Co.]

ANYTHING from so well-known a writer for the piano as Herr Heller will be gladly received by thousands of amateurs, and we need only indicate, with regard to this, his Op. 128, the general character of the work. The seven pieces are closely linked together, and tell a complete story, beginning with the "Entrée," and running on through "Bruits de la Forêt," "Promenade du Chasseur," "Fleur Solitaire," "Ecureuil Poursuite," and "Waldsgäte" to the "Retour." All the characteristics of Herr Heller's music appear in this case with vivid distinctness, and it is impossible not to be interested by the unconventional manner, allied to piety of effect and "spiritualism" of style, in which he writes. Amateurs everywhere will be eager to accompany Herr Heller "dans les Bois," and we feel sure they will be delighted with the journey.

Chappell's Music Copy Books. Containing a Progressive Course of Instruction in Music, upon a system designed by WALTER MAYNARD. [London: Chappell & Co.]

THESE books may be regarded in a two-fold capacity—first, as books of ordinary instruction; second, as making an extraordinary application of a familiar educational device. Their value in both respects is manifest. As instruction books they contain lessons in notation, pianoforte playing, the rudiments of harmony and vocalization, with singing at sight. Comprised within so small a compass, the lessons are necessarily succinct, but they are comprehensive and clearly expressed, so that the student finds all that it is necessary for him to know in the early stage of his career. The "copy-book" feature, which requires the learner to transcribe what is put before him, and to commit to paper numerous and valuable exercises, is an advantage apparent at first sight, especially with regard to the studies in notation and harmony. We, therefore, strongly recommend these books both for home and school use. Undoubtedly they pave some portion of that "royal road" to music which is fast being constructed.

VENICE.—The Teatro Fenice opens shortly under the management of Signor Trevisan. The following operas are announced for performance: *Mignon*, Ambroise Thomas; *Jone*, Petrelli; *I Puritani*, Bellini; *Gustavo Wasa*, or *Giuletti e Romeo*, Marchetti; *Luisa Miller*, Verdi, or *Reginella*, Braga; and the ballets: *La Fata Niz*, and *Don Pacheco*, or *Gretchen*, by Sig. Danesi. Among the artists are Signore Moro, Pernini, Schwarz, Signori Achard, Toressi, Colonnese, Silenzi, and Zucchielli.

KENNINGTON.—During the last three weeks Mr. Henry Smith has been giving a pictorial and musical representation of *Faust*. He recites a version of the libretto, upon which considerable talent has been expended, in a style which receives much applause. The illusory scenes are cleverly managed, and the portions of Gounod's music sung upon the stage introduce some half-dozen artists, who succeed in sustaining the characters in this abridged edition of the opera with painstaking care and no small amount of musical skill. This "drawing-room" version of *Faust* is followed each evening by an amusing sketch which has been expressly constructed to bring in a number of optical illusions, usually sending the audience home in a merry humour.

Times for Music.

THE PROUD COQUETTE.*

I thought the love that scared my rest
In waking hours, and when I slept,
Had roused an echo in thy breast—
A kindred chord responsive swept;

For well I marked thy every look
When smiling Fate e'er brought us nigh,
And saw, like starlight in the brook,
Love mirror'd in thy dark blue eye.

But when, alas! I dared to speak—
To utter thoughts I could not quell—
Thy scornful air and crimson'd cheek
Revealed me more than words could tell.

I saw Hope's fairy fabric fall
Before the flashing of thy pride,
And primal Love's bright coronal
Flung crushed, rejected, at thy side!

I should have known thou wert too far
Removed above my lowly way—
That Mammon's shadow could debar
The reflex of my spirit's ray.

But all is o'er; thou hast me spurned,
Like some vile creature, from thy path;
Yet does the love that idly burned
Protect thee from the stings of wrath.

HUGH CAMERON.

* Copyright reserved.

Advertisements.

THE VOICE & SINGING BY ADOLFO FERRARI.

THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING.

Price 12s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat,

HAS maintained its high character for a quarter of a century; and the flattering testimonials received from Grisi, Persiani, Lablache, and many of the Clergy and Statesmen, fully establish its great virtues. No Vocalist or Public Speaker should be without it. To be obtained of all Wholesale and Retail Chemists in the United Kingdom.

A STRINGENT LOZENGES OF THE RED GUM OF AUSTRALIA.—For Relaxed Throat, in Bottles, 2s. MURIATE OF AMMONIA LOZENGES, in Bottles, 2s. Useful for Bronchitis, by loosening the phlegm and relieving violent fits of coughing.

P. & P. W. SQUIRE, Chemists on the Establishment in Ordinary to the Queen. Gazette August 8th, 1837—December 31st, 1867.—277, Oxford Street, London.

ON THE STRUCTURE OF A SONATA. By G. A. MACFARREN. Price ONE SHILLING.—RUDALL, CARTE, & CO., 20, Charing Cross, S.W.

FAVOURITE SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, &c.,

COMPOSED BY

HENRY SMART.

	THE POETRY BY	S.	D.
The fairy's whisper	J. P. Douglas	3	0
The lady of the Lea	W. H. Bellamy	4	0
Hark! the bells are ringing	W. H. Bellamy	3	0
The angel of home	John Brougham	3	0
Blue eyes	F. Enoch	3	0
Bird of my dwelling	F. Enoch	3	0
Flower of my garden	F. Enoch	3	0
The fairy cricket. Song	F. Enoch	3	0
Fly like a bird. Song (in E and F).	F. Enoch	3	0
The roses I thought were mine. Song (in B flat and D flat)	W. Guernsey	3	0
Go, whispering breeze	...	3	0
Wake, Mary, wake (Sung by Mr. Santley)	J. Latey	2	0
The echo of the lake. Song (in A and F)	F. Enoch	3	0
Stay, swallow, here. Ballad	F. Enoch	3	0
The Abbess. Song	W. H. Bellamy	3	0
O tell me not of sorrow	...	3	0
Sir Roland	Jessica Rankin	3	0
The Bird's Love Song	F. Enoch	3	0
Star of the Valley	F. Enoch	3	0

DUETS.

May. Duettino for equal voices	3	0
I wait to see the swallows come.				
Duettino for soprano and mezzo.	F. Enoch	4	0	
The melting of the snow. Duettino (Soprano and mezzo)	F. Enoch	3	0	
The Land of Dreams. Duettino for soprano and mezzo-soprano	F. Enoch	4	0	
On Como's Lake. Duettino for soprano and mezzo, or contralto.	F. Enoch	4	0	
Farewell. Duet for soprano and con- tralto	Bishop Heber	3	0	
When the wind blows in from the sea.	F. Enoch	4	0	
Duet for soprano and barytone.				
The wind blows fresh from the land.				
Duet for mezzo-soprano and barytone	F. Enoch	4	0	
O breathe ye, sweet roses. Duet (con- tralto and barytone)	W. Guernsey	4	0	

TRIOS.

The Spirit of the Lake. Terzetto (for soprano, mezzo, and contralto)	F. Enoch	4	0
Princely autumn. (For two sopranos and mezzo-soprano)	W. S. Pasmore	4	0
The sunbeam. Trio (for soprano, mezzo, and contralto)	Jessica Rankin	4	0

QUARTETT.

The lady of the Lea. (For soprano, alto, tenor, and bass)	W. H. Bellamy	4	0
--------------------------------------------------------------	---------------	---	---

LONDON:

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.,
244, REGENT STREET, W.

An Entirely New Work for Musical Education.

MAYNARD'S
MUSIC COPY BOOKS
CONTAIN
A Progressive Course of Instruction in Music,
UPON A SYSTEM DESIGNED BY
WALTER MAYNARD.

The exercises are set at the top of each page, and blank staves are left for the pupil to copy the examples given. The Rudiments of Music are explained as simply as possible. Diagrams of the Pianoforte Keyboard are provided, by means of which the notes can be more easily learnt than by any other method. The fundamental rules of Harmony and Thorough Bass are practically illustrated, and a plan laid down by which Singing at Sight can be learnt without assistance. The Music Copy Books will, it is believed, be equally useful to master and pupil, by relieving the former from the necessity of constantly repeating the same rules, and ensuring the gradual progress of the latter.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable, in teaching Music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work.—WALTER MAYNARD."

Parts I. and II. contain Rudiments of Music.
Part III. contains Instructions for the Pianoforte.
Parts IV. and V. contain The Rudiments of Harmony.
Part VI. contains Instructions in Vocalization, Part-Singing, and Singing at Sight.

PRICE SIXPENCE EACH.

MAY BE HAD OF

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond St.
LONDON,

Or of any Music-seller in Town or Country.

ESMERALDA.
By SIGNOR CAMPANA.

Performed recently at Hombourg by Madame Patti and Madame Trebelli, &c., and received with the greatest enthusiasm.

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond Street.

SYDNEY SMITH'S
FOUR
NEW PIECES.

Mendelssohn's Concerto. Op. 64.

P A R A P H R A S E.

Price 4s.

Gounod's "Où voulez-vous aller?"
TRANSCRIPTION.

Price 4s.

Rossini's Il Barbiere di Siviglia.
FANTAISIE BRILLANTE.

Price 4s.

La Sympathie.
DIALOGUE MUSICAL.

Price 4s.

LONDON:

ASHDOWN & PARRY,
HANOVER SQUARE,

NEW BARITONE Singing Method.

Edited by SANTLEY.

METHOD OF INSTRUCTION FOR A BARITONE VOICE,

CONTAINING

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF SOLFEGGI,

VOCALISES, AND EXERCISES,

WITH

GENERAL RULES ON THE ART OF SINGING.

BY

GAETANO NAVA,

Upwards of forty years Professor at the Conservatoire in Milan.

(200 PAGES).

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY HIS PUPIL,

CHARLES SANTLEY.

PRICE 10s. 6d.

LONDON:

BOOSEY & CO.,
HOLLES STREET.

Just Published,

LETTY THE BASKET MAKER. COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS. MUSIC BY M. W. BALFE.

	S. D.
OVERTURE, Solo and Duet	4 0
1. PROLOGUE	4 0
2. INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS	4 0
3. RECIT. AND CAVATINA (<i>Count</i>), "Ah! search the world from end to end"	4 0
4. QUARTET AND CHORUS, "Is it thus, sir?"	5 0
5. CAVATINA (<i>Letty</i>), "With dance and song"	3 0
5½. THE same, one note lower (in B flat)	3 0
6. POLKA DUET (<i>Letty and Hermann</i>), "Quick, to work, for 'tis your duty"	4 0
7. DANCE AND CHORUS, "How the heart with pleasure bounding"	3 0
8. SESTET AND CHORUS, "'Tis surely an illusion"	4 0
9. FINALE to Act 1, "By the lines that here I trace"	6 0
10. YAWNING SONG (<i>Hermann</i>), "Yaw—aw"	3 0
10½. THE DREAM SONG (<i>Countess</i>), "We walked by the sea"	3 0
11. ARIA (<i>Countess</i>), "With amazement gaze I round me"	3 0
12. DUET. (<i>Countess and Hermann</i>), "Now that little matter's o'er"	3 0
13. RECIT AND SONG (<i>Lunastro</i>), "What sorrow dark and danger wait"	3 0
13½. The same in treble clef (in F)	-
14. SONG, "Nothing but a dream" (<i>Letty</i>), "Ne'er was mortal eye delighted"	3 0
15. DUETTINO (<i>Letty and Bridget</i>), "See here decked the toilet table"	3 0
15½. Also one note lower (in E flat)	3 0
16. SONG, "Two gifts" (<i>Count</i>) "Two gifts there are that fate bestows"	3 0
16½. Also two notes lower (in B flat)	3 0
17. THE SINGING LESSON (<i>Letty</i>), "Oh, good gracious, what a strange machine is that"	4 0
18. PART SONG "Hark, now the music swelling"	3 0
19. GRAND BALLET	4 0
20. THE MAGYAR DANCE	3 0
21. FINALE, "Amidst the pleasures of this festive scene"	7 0
THE COMPLETE OPERA, 21s.	

LONDON:
HUTCHINGS & ROMER,
9, CONDUIT STREET, REGENT STREET, W.